

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ALBUM.

It is unnecessary to relate the history of my birth and parentage. Suffice it to say, I was sent forth into the world long before the existence of the race of Annuals, and having been furnished with a covering of morocco superbly embossed, and with an envelope in gilt—though as my name imports, I could hardly be considered a child of depravity—I was exalted to an honorable station on the shelves of a bookseller in Broadway, the envy and admiration of my less splendidly attired companions. My handsome exterior soon attracted the attention of a young Adonis, who purchased me at an extravagant price, as a present for his mistress. I was accordingly taken to his room, and bathed in otto of roses, to nullify a certain bookish odor, I had imbibed from my companions at the booksellers.

My possessor now set himself at work to dedicate me to her for whom I was intended. I was placed upon his table, where, in elegant confusion, lay the popular poets of the day, from whose productions my master endeavored, but in vain, to extract something suitable for his purpose. He then had recourse to his own ingenuity—again and again he began a sentence, and again and again destroyed the sheet upon which it was written.—I seem to behold him, as he then sat, with his elbows resting upon the table, looking down upon my blank pages, as if they could impart inspiration to his brain. But, alack! what had I to offer? my experience in the world had been limited to a book-shop—as yet, not a solitary line had been traced upon my leaves, which, like the polar regions, presented but one unvaried surface of white. Finding that his own wits, like small beer, were fast evaporating, my master again resorted to his favorite poets. Moore, and Byron, and L. E. L. were respectively tumbled over, in order to purloin a dedication from their pages.—One was at last found, and inscribed upon my front—I forget how it read, it having, a short time after, been torn out in a pet by my mistress—but if I remember aright, it had more rhyme than reason, and had every change of which the language is capable, rung upon that little word—Love.

It was in consequence of this, I presume, that my new mistress, into whose hands I was now transferred, pronounced me a lovely creature! Oh! how I was caressed and admired by her, the first half hour after we met, but at the expiration of that time, she received a boquet from some one of her gallants, and I was taken no further notice of that day. I was now an inmate of her chamber, and for some weeks, reposed on her toilet, by the side of a certain red powder, which, I observed, frequently raised a blush upon her cheek, when she viewed herself in the glass. At first I flattered myself that these blushes were occasioned by her neglect of myself, but a closer inspection convinced me of my error. My mortification was then at its height, and I half wished I had never exchanged my former situation at the bookstore, for one of such comparative insignificance.

But I was now to change this scene of inglorious ease and neglect, for one of honor and activity—to commence my circumnavigations round the fashionable world—to gain a knowledge of men and manners—and to garner up the fruits of my experience. I was first placed in the hands of a young collegian, who, having no other means of recommending himself to my mistress, had promised to write something original in her album, and it was to fulfil this promise, that I was released from my confinement. The student, though a proficient in writing letters to belles, had but slight acquaintance with *belles-lettres*—he was a paragon at small-talk—but was little accustomed to reducing his thoughts to writing. "That," as I afterwards heard a satirical rival of his say, "would be a *reductio ad absurdum*"—but as the student did not understand the jest, he only smiled, as if a compliment had been paid his literary qualifications. The collegian, however, scrawled over a page or more, in the following lackadaisical strain,

which was prefaced with the name of my mistress in good set capitals, in this fashion.

TO SERAPHIMA.

Her look was lovelier than the light
The April rose reveals,
And strangely to my restless soul,
In ceaseless visions steals:—
But oh! 'tis not her beauty that
Allures me to her feet,
And bids my love bewildered heart,
In wild emotion beat.

The spell that fettered me for life,
To her prunello shoe,
Was woven of the purity
Her laughing dark eye threw:—
I felt it from the fleeting smile,
That wreathed her lip of red—
I heard it from the song she breathed—
The sentiment she said.

Then followed a dozen more stanzas in the same strain, but I have no inclination to repeat them. I was shortly after sent on a new mission, to a boarding-school, from which my mistress had been lately emancipated, and her young female friends were of course called upon to pay the customary tribute of affection, by inscribing their respective memorials on my pages. It would be wrong, perhaps, to betray the confidence of these young ladies—to reveal the various remarks they made, touching the character of my mistress.—Well is it that an Album can tell no tales, besides those that are written within it—else, many a time, when warm professions of esteem were inscribed on my pages, might I be called upon to declare the very different sentiments that have fallen from the lips of their writers, ere the ink with which those professions were written, had grown dry.—I should do injustice to one, however, were I to omit to record her sincerity—I mean the governess of the school, whose affection for her pupils, was exceeded only by that of theirs for herself. Her contribution to Albums was a good one, but like the prayers of certain old-fashioned preachers, it was the same on all occasions—the same in the Album of a giddy belle, or in that of a staid and modest maiden. It was drawn up in the form of a testimonial of esteem and friendship, and was filled with the best wishes of the good lady, for the welfare of her protegee. I dare say that the same piece that was inscribed in that of my mistress, may be found in every Album that has gone forth from under her roof.

After receiving a large contribution to my pages I was sent home, my covers somewhat soiled and my appearance diminished in consequence of the abduction of those sheets upon which an unsuccessful attempt had been made to write. Of this my mistress took special notice, and when she again gave me into the hands of another of her beaux, he was admonished not to commit such petty larceny upon her property. This gentleman was nominally a lawyer's clerk, but his principal occupation was that of gallanting the ladies. Will Winkem—for that was his name—was familiarly called "the ladies' lawyer." He knew far better how to frame a plea in Cupid's court than in a court of law; and to do Will justice, he wrote an excellent hand and was never known to be guilty of refusing to write in an Album. Will had a happy tact at this business—a sort of a know-all-women-by-these-presents-that-I-Will-Winkem-am-a-great-latterer, which made his productions eagerly sought after by all young ladies who keep albums, as letters of recommendation, to be exhibited to their acquaintances. Will's production—as it was considered a masterpiece in its way, and is the model from which a myriad of copies have been taken—I shall here transcribe entire, and leave the remainder of my history to be related on another occasion.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

What care I for the golden treasure,
That giveth but a bitter pleasure,
That woos the sense with luring light
And captivates weak fancy's sight,
That doth the outward vision win,
But not the eye that sees within?
Vain bauble! 'tis enough to know
Its worthlessness that He, who first
Did fashion it—despised it so

As down to cast it in the dust.
What care I for the sceptre's power—
Base vision of ambition's hour!
That robes the heart with gorgeous care,
And makes a thousand terrors there?

What care I for the voice of glory,
To breathe my humble name in story?
For what is glory—what is fame—
Dull repetition of a name!—
Mere sound before and after death—
But "fancied life in others' breath."
Lady! the wealth to make me blest,
Is locked within thy keyless breast;
The fortune of my fondest dream,
Is the pure gold of thy esteem;
The jewels that alone I prize,
Are thy own bright unsullied eyes;
And all that my ambition seeks,
Amid destruction's sunny peaks,
Is proudest of them all to find
Dominion in thy ample mind:
To reign upon one little spot,
By every one but thee forgot;
And all I hope of mortal fame,
Is, that my memory may claim
A lay more prized than poet's song—
The tribute of thy guileless tongue.
And when I'm dead, let nothing tell
Of my unmarked receptacle;
Let no conspicuous pomp confer
A mockery on my sepulchre:—
But when I from this life depart,
Immure me in thy hallowed heart,
And let this leaf be unto thee,
The only monument of me;
Thy pendent locks the only willow,
To wave above my wakeless pillow,
Thine eye the sun-beam falling on it,
Thy tears the only flowers upon it.

TO ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

DEAR ENOCH,—It is not to speak of the tears which I shed on shaking hands at parting with you on board the Steamer President, or the sighs of regret that often escape me, when thinking that the period is perhaps a remote one, when you and myself shall again *limp* it through our favorite city: 'tis not of these I wish to speak, but of a subject of more import—something touching my welfare nearly that prompts me to address you at this moment.

On my arrival at our homestead I found the old folks well, and very glad to see their *boy* appear so also. My mother, good old fashioned soul, thought that my whiskers, and black stock, with no collar to the inexpressible, were rather out of the common course of things, but consoled herself by remarking, "times change, and men and women change with them. I suppose it is all right."

S. had gone to Boston, and time hung heavy on my hands for some days after my arrival. In my dull moments I took up the old numbers of the Constellation, and endeavored to forget myself while perusing them; but, alas! they called to mind too many associations connected with York. I threw them aside, and strolled over to *Squire M.*'s, and entered his old dusty library. You remember I introduced you there, when at our house last summer.

Perhaps you will say, why, there's nothing of much moment in all this—and may be, you will think I am hoaxing you! But, my dear Enoch, have a moment's patience; and if I do not make your blood boil, and your nose turn up, it is because you have lost some of the fire which was wont to animate your little body in by-gone days, or that your nose is so much turned as to render more turning an impossibility.

When I entered the sacred retreat of Squire M. I found the old gentleman, sitting with spectacles on nose, as *sitting garden seeds*, for, you know, he always concentrates his labors and studies as much as possible. Sit down, Jonathan. Sit down. Sit down—glad to see you—what's the news? or if you don't like to sit, you can look about for some volume to amuse yourself with—you used to like to read here once. Little did the old man think, that my various peregrinations to his omnium gathrum, was to brush the dew from S.'s dear lips, rather than pore over his dusty old works. I took advantage of his last offer, and set about looking for a book to divert the current of my thoughts. At length my eyes fell upon a pile of old volumes, all bearing the same appearance, and all equally antique. These books had often attracted my attention, and excited my curiosity; and I now determined to be gratified. To place a large arm chair against the shelves and get hold of the *weighty matter*, was but the work of a moment: "but, woful measure, woe despair!" the

old chair crushed from under me, and down I came, like a good mechanic, my works showing the extent of my labors. Having freed the volumes of the appendages of cob-webs and dust, I commenced examining them.

But how shall I express my indignation, dear Enoch, when I found the whole 60 volumes to be the writings of *Julphus Jamswooggleum*; and almost the first article that struck my eye, was, his treatise of 600 pages, wherein he attempts to prove that there is a difference between *Tweedle dum* and *Tweedle dee*. The soul of 99 Caesars fired my frame. Closing the book, I threw it with all my strength to the opposite side of the room—its passage, however, was arrested by a large box of garden seeds in bulk, which, by the force of the blow, soon received a pretty extensive circulation. The old gentleman sprang from his chair, the spectacles fell from his nose, and it was some moments before he could speak, and when he did, his remarks only added fuel to my anger. How, now, Jonathan, said he, are you mad? Do you not see that you have overthrown my seeds? and more than all that, you have abused the work of my favorite, the renowned *Julphus Jamswooggleum*, author of the elaborate treatise on *Tweedle dum* and *Tweedle dee*? At these words, dear Enoch, my feelings were worked up beyond endurance; and caring little what I said, so long as I heaped anathemas upon the execrable *Julphus Jamswooggleum*, I hurried forth such a stream of invectives as never was heard before. Sir, said I, as the father of S. I respect you; but, Sir, I continued, with increased warmth, have I not travelled? The classic grounds of Europe, *Asia, Africa, America*, and the continent of *New Holland*, have received the impression of my footsteps. I have ridden into Jerusalem on the back of a legitimate descendant of the horse *Bucephalus*, *quem nemo tangere quidem propter Alexandrum audent*.—The buried grandeur of *Herculeanum* and *Pompeii*, have witnessed the devotion of my researches. Did I not pass a year with *Seged*, King of *Ethiopia*, the very man who overthrew the arguments of that mushy *Julphus Jamswooggleum*? Have not the libraries of the modern philosophers been thrown open to me? And have I not passed the most of my eventful life in endeavoring to convince the world that there is no difference between *Tweedle dum* and *Tweedle dee*? And now, to return and find in this quiet little spot, the only volume of the writings of that infamous *Julphus Jamswooggleum*, *boarding* me in the very front! Sir, 'tis more than human endurance can bear—I never will enter your house till such a nuisance is removed. With these words, I tore down stairs, and shouting myself in my room, would admit no one to my solitude. The match, of course, is broken off, and I wish, Enoch, to hear what I can do in this dilemma. S. has written me one or two letters upon the painful subject, and at some convenient moment you shall have them. She is a "chip of the old block," and a real *Jamswooggleum*. Now I love the girl, with all her *Jamswooggleum*; devotedly I love her; and to lose her now, is more than I can bear. Do write, and let me know what course to pursue.

Your unfortunate

JONATHAN.

[From the Fall River, Mass. Monitor.]

Indian Chief. On Wednesday last there was found washed out of a sand bank, in the southeast part of this village, the remains of a human being supposed to be an Indian Chief. The chest, which was surmounted by a belt of brass tubes, was in a state of remarkable preservation. There were also found with him several pieces of brass plate, and a case containing half a dozen brass arrow heads. The whole was enveloped in mats of finely braided bark, and inclosed in a case of cedar bark. All the parts that come in contact with the metal and were near it, present no appearances of decay. The integumental muscles and bones of the chest and of the arms which rested upon it, as the bark that enveloped them, are entirely preserved and remains strong and flexible.

The place whence these remains were taken is within the Pousset purchase, near its northern boundary and within a field that has been cultivated nearly a century. It is probable they were interred a century and a half ago, perhaps longer. That the preservation was owing to the presence of the metal there cannot be much question, as only those parts were preserved which were found in connection with and near to it, the rest having disappeared.

MISCELLANY.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE BACHELORS' DINNER PARTY.

A free translation from the French.

Dorsan had been by turns a bachelor, a soldier, and a diplomatist, and possessed all the various and brilliant qualifications which fitted him to shine in these characters. Without being rich, his wife's dowry and his post, procured him independence. He had been six months united to the daughter of an old military friend, who had once saved his life; gratitude as well as inclination had fixed his choice. Jenny de St. Clair, now Madame Dorsan, was of middling stature, but graceful and easy; her features were irregular, but sparkling with wit and vivacity; she was highly cultivated without being pedantic; her correct manners, devoid of prudery, and her happy repartees free from malice; her gaiety was so natural it readily infected all around her, and, in a word, she was truly beloved and admired. Dorsan felt an attachment for his young companion it was difficult for him to express; being himself of a frank and cordial humor, and successful in bon mots, there was such a perfect simplicity between Mr. and Madame Dorsan, as might lead one to suppose, (as Montaigne has said) that nature had created one soul with two bodies, and endowed them with every qualification necessary to render a couple happy and to serve as a model to all others. Jenny scarcely counted eighteen summers—and though her spouse was double that age, yet every day her love for, and confidence in him increased. There never was the slightest dispute between them; and this perfect union seemed to extend to their whole household.—The young wife attended to all the concerns of order and economy with scrupulous exactness; giving herself lessons of good housekeeping, and joining example to precept, she was at once feared and beloved.

Dorsan left her absolute mistress of his domestic affairs, and found much satisfaction in attributing all his fire-side comforts to her who was so dear to him.

"My good Jenny," said he one day, "you find me, for the first time, embarrassed before you, and afraid to ask of you a favor."

"It must be something, then, very important," she answered, "but I beseech you, lay aside that serious face—it does not at all become you."

"My good wife, I am afraid of vexing you, or of imposing on your good nature."

"Of vexing me?" replied she: "it will be your first attempt, then; I don't believe you have courage enough for that: and as for abusing my good nature, I defy you to do that, for I have modelled mine from your own."

"It is I who ought to adopt such a study," answered he; "for my Jenny is much fitter for an example: but to return to the favor I wish to ask of you. Among the persons who compose our society, you must have remarked several bachelors about my own age, early friends and companions of my youthful days. We have a custom of dining together once a month at each other's houses, by turn. Those of us who are married, do not like to give up these delightful meetings, where, for a few hours we forget the bonds of Hymen only to resume them afterwards with more zest."

"I understand you;—you married gentlemen wish to become bachelors again, and make yourselves merry at the expense of your wives."

"Hush!—I shall not say a' I think about my wife, for I do not like to excite envy. Tomorrow, my Jenny, is my turn; and I humbly request of you to give me up the keys, and for twenty-four hours only abandon the little empire you govern so well. You can pay a visit to some of your friends, while we commemorate the frolics of our boyhood."

"That is to say, sir, you wish to drive me away from my house, that you may pillage it with the greater impunity."

"Oh! no—you know we can trust our old and faithful Francis; there will be but twenty-four of us, and we shall only want about thirty bottles of Burgundy, a score of Champagne, a dozen of Arbois to drink to Henry 4th, two or three of rum for our punch, and as much old brandy."

"Oh! I see you are going to have a downright bacchanalian feast, and it will cost me much to abandon my house."

"This temporary separation from my Jenny will cost me much more; but I promise to have an eye to every thing."

"Well, since you desire it, I will consent to a divorce for twenty-four hours, and I shall not think of returning home, until you are in a fit state to come and seek me at Madame de Versuil's, whose husband, I presume, will be one of your guests; but before I go, I will prepare the dessert, and lay out the plate and linen; you can arrange the dinner as you please.—To-morrow, then, sir, you will become a dashing young bachelor, and your enjoyment will consist in forgetting poor Jenny, who will nev-

er cease to think of you; well, much joy to you!—sing and laugh at Hymen as much as you please; but remember, if you shake his chain too rudely, he will not forget the affront, nor to promise himself revenge."

Jenny formed her plans not to abandon her house, nor to thwart her husband. Early next morning she went to Madame de Versuil's, whom she admitted to her confidence. She requested her to send for Joseph, one of Versuil's footmen, about 17 years old; and after convincing herself that she could depend on his discretion, concerted with him, that as soon as the first course of the dinner should be served, when he was to take his station behind his master's chair, he would step out and come to her in an adjoining room, and do whatever she should point out. The first part of her scheme being arranged, she returned home to arrange the remainder of it. There she found every body busy in preparing the elegant and substantial dinner which Dorsan had ordered. Jenny seconded the zeal of the servants, and by her taste and industry took care that nothing should be wanting to complete the style of the feast given by Dorsan to his male friends. About four o'clock she went with a gay countenance to say adieu to Dorsan, who testified considerable distress at this temporary separation. Jenny smilingly comforted him, saying she should be very happy with her friend for this short period. Unknown to any one, she went and locked herself in the small room which she had designated to Joseph, and substituted for her own dress a cambric ruffled shirt, blue cloth pantaloons, Hessian boots, all of which she purchased in the morning; covered the prettiest light hair in the world with a black Brutus, hid her charming neck in a large cravat, and imitated exactly Joseph's costume. She then darkened her eye-brows with burnt cork, and awaited with impatience the signal of the footman, who alone knew the place of her retreat. The guests at length arrived, married men and single; these last carried themselves with an air of triumph, and seemed to consider themselves the heroes of the party. Those of the set who had submitted to the power of Hymen, appeared to less advantage, yet most of them displayed a calm exterior and countenances expressing the purest happiness. Dorsan was quite elated, and the pleasure he felt in once more entertaining his old companions, evinced itself in his vivacity and brilliant repartees. Dinner was announced, and each took his place where he liked; among these happy guests, there was neither rank nor precedence; ancient friendship had called them together. At first silence prevailed, and nothing was heard but the clanking of plate and the noise of dishes. Soon, however, the conversation became general. "No Politics!" shouted Dorsan—"let us have no disputing, except who shall be the stoutest drinker, and who shall talk the most nonsense."

"May all Frenchmen," added Versuil, "be united as we are."

"No blows among us but those of glasses!" shouted a third, swallowing his bumper.

"To our ancient and beautiful France," cried they all, rising and clapping their hands. Thus ended the first course. While the plates were changing and the second course serving up, Versuil's footman slipped out, and knocked at Madame Dorsan's room door; she opened it, took the napkin from him, and with a plate in her hand, went and stationed herself behind Versuil and Dorsan, (whom accident had placed together) and waited on them by turns. This change was effected in five minutes, and the master of the footman never suspected his absence. The conversation, enlivened by wine, now became witty and sarcastic. The bachelors attacked the married men; they insisted that they must find their chains heavy and vexatious—that they had no true liberty, no repose, and that they drank only to drown care. The married men, on the other hand, maintained that matrimony procured them many indemnifications for that independence, of which, they (the bachelors) were so proud: that they relinquished with delight the passions of youth and the dissipations of the world, and that a good wife was better than the prettiest mistress that ever was.

"I suspect, my friends," said Dorsan, with his accustomed frankness, "that none of you have been greater duffers than I have been: I have tasted every tempting pleasure, and sought in vain for true happiness; and I assure you, on the faith of a brave man, I have never found it except with my good little Jenny. Laugh as much as you please—but the comfort and confidence I experience, render me truly happy; as a bachelor, my enjoyments were all illusory."—Jenny at this moment was handing him a plate, and inwardly blest her disguise, which procured her such gratification.

"For my part," said Versuil, "I who have been married much longer than Dorsan, frankly confessed that matrimony has its pains and pleasures; but I maintain that it is the only position to make a man respectable. Much,

however, depends upon the choice he makes, the most cautious may be deceived, and the most clear-sighted imposed on; our first conduct as a family-man decides our fate. Too much affection causes our wives to exact too much attention, while coldness produces worse effects: an excess of confidence engenders despotism; and distrust, dissimulation. Let men behave with sensible affection towards their wives, and all will be well."

"You have it all your own way, Messieurs Matrimonial," replied a bachelor named Florville, who was a celebrated artist, and a man of sarcastic and libertine character; "but I contend, that Mr. Hymen conceals the most abominable tyranny under the most hypocritical face; he is a skilful despot, who requires a sacrifice of friends, connections, useful arts, every thing; he is resolute of dominion, and reigns paramount. I would rather be deceived by twenty mistresses, than governed by my wife."—Jenny, at this moment, was obliged to pour out a glass of wine for him, and she only half filled his glass.

"There spoke a satiated libertine," answered Versuil, warmly. Florville cast on him a malicious glance. While they were thus disputing on the advantages and inconveniences of matrimony, the dessert was brought in, and Dorsan's old faithful servant placed before him four bottles of Tokay, the sight of which threw the guests into an ecstasy.

"Francis, where did this come from?" said Dorsan.

"Sir, it is a secret I promised not to divulge."

"I can easily guess," replied Dorsan, tasting the first bottle; a relation of my wife's is secretary to the ambassador at Vienna, and he lately sent her a box of the most valuable productions of Germany, and I presume this precious liquor must have been among them."

"In this case," cried Versuil, "here's to the health of the generous and amiable Jenny."

"To your charming wife," cried all the guests, swallowing their toasts, filled from the two first bottles of the Tokay.

"May you all, my friends," said Dorsan, with an expression which made the false footman behind his chair tremble with joy, "may you all meet with a companion like mine, and you will never regret celibacy."

"Gentlemen," said Versuil, "I make a motion; since Madame Dorsan, so far from expressing her discontent at our convivial parties as some pruders would, but on the contrary, has heightened our enjoyment by her valuable present, I propose that we send her, this instant, in the name of us all, these two pine-apples, as a mark of our gratitude."

"I second the motion," cried Dorsan, "she is very fond of them. Are there any foes? All who vote for this motion, raise their glasses."

It was adopted unanimously. Francis was then ordered to take the two pine-apples, to buy some flowers on his way, place on the dish, and carry them to Madame de Versuil's, where the two friends were supposed to be dining together, and to relate every word that had passed. The good old servant obeyed; and Jenny, smiling, followed him with her eyes, feeling at this moment all the awkwardness of her situation, and wondering what strange scene would follow. The two last bottles of Tokay completely conquered the bachelors, who lavished eulogiums on Madame Dorsan.

One praised her grace and fascinating manners; another extolled her good humor, her frankness and simplicity: a third declared she must be above all praise, since she had been able to captivate Dorsan. "Yes, captivated for life," cried Dorsan, placing his hand on his heart, "and though I was a bad subject, yet the veriest rover may be tamed by an angel."

"This angel is only eighteen years old," cried Florville, piqued at this apostrophe.—"wait and see if this perfect angel will preserve her celestial virtue a dozen years hence."

Jenny bit her lips, and would gladly have dashed the painter's wine-glass to pieces.

"I desire to retort that argument," said Versuil; "without entering upon the defence of all women, I have the right to maintain, that it is in the married state alone a good disposition can develop itself, and that rare qualities can be brought into exercise: three years and a half have I been married—"

"And three years and a half been duped," interrupted the incorrigible artist, with a sardonic laugh.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Versuil.

"Order! order!" was heard on all sides. "It is the first time I have heard my wife attacked," replied Versuil; "and I should be both cowardly and ungrateful not to defend her."

"Order! order!" was again vociferated. "I transgress no order in requesting this gentleman to explain."

"I am ready to give the gentleman any explanation he may wish," saying this, Flor-

vile rose from his chair as well as Versuil, and both, by their eyes and gestures, prepared to maintain their cause.

"Gentlemen," cried Dorsan, rising in his turn, and assuming a dignified tone, "I am obliged, in the quality of President, to remind these two gentlemen of the 17th article of our constitution: it sets forth, that if any two members of our dining parties, should forget themselves so far as to threaten each other, (which can never happen between friends, except from the effects of wine,) that they shall forthwith be compelled to drink a glass of water and shake hands."

"It is right," said Versuil, "I was the aggressor; I will set the example." Florville also held his glass, and Jenny filled it to the brim.

During this mutual expiation, old Francis returned, holding in his hand the dish of pine-apples and flowers. He informed them that he went to Madame de Versuil's to hand his young mistress the gentlemen's offering, but that he was not there.

"How?" said Dorsan, "is it possible, Versuil, that that my wife is not at our house?"

"She was expected to dine there, I know," said Versuil, "for I heard my wife order a servant to set a plate for her."

"But, sir," replied old Francis, "my lady, your wife, did not dine at home either; your servants told me that she went away in a gig with her young cousin, the officer of the guards, and that she had given them leave to amuse themselves the rest of the day, and they are making merry, I assure you."

"And you do not know what has become of my wife?" asked Dorsan, much agitated.

"She has never been at Madame de Versuil's all day, and that is all I know."

"Doubtless," said Florville, "she is *tete a tete* in a gig with another young cousin. And at this moment you are inventing eulogiums on your two youthful companions, they are comforting themselves abroad."

"How quickly you seize upon the least appearances," replied Dorsan, "to level your sarcasms on the sex."

"I'll not at all; but I think I may be permitted to support my opinion, and take my revenge a little. What can be more amusing, in fact, than to see two good husbands, full of confidence and security, sending their wives pine-apples and flowers, while the ladies—ha! ha! ha!"

"Certainly," cried all the bachelors, "this trick is quite original, and deserves recording on our books."

"Nevertheless, gentlemen," resumed Florville, affecting a serious and dignified tone, "you will observe with me, that there is nothing to reproach those ladies with; every thing is conducted according to the rules of etiquette and social customs. Each takes her carriage, the sooner to arrive at her appointment. What can be more natural? One takes with her a handsome young officer of the guards, the other, probably a chevalier of the same age."

"Courage, monster," cried Dorsan, "heighten the picture, strike deeper the dart, and sharpen your voracious tongue."

"Excuse my propensity for joking," resumed Florville, "I see nothing to alarm you in this adventure: where, think you, can your charming little wife be?—what do you think she is doing at this moment?"

"She has the honor to wait on you, sir," replied Jenny, not being able to keep silence any longer, and pouring him out a glass of Champagne, with inimitable grace.

"Heavens! 'tis she!" cried Dorsan, "yes 'tis she herself, who, under this disguise, had waited upon us above an hour. Oh! how I am revenged!"

Bravos and plaudits resounded on all sides. Dorsan could not contain his joy, and his overflowings made Jenny smile, who reminded him that she had observed him change color when old Francis delivered his message.

"I could not help it," replied Dorsan; "I felt inexpressibly distressed, but it shall be the last time."

"Well!" said Jenny, "I pardon you: I have read your noble heart, and my happiness is secured." At these words she threw down the napkin, and with a tender glance at her husband, disappeared.

Florville was confounded; instead of bitter irony and stinging sarcasms, he displayed a sullen silence—a perplexity he could not conceal. Versuil partook of Dorsan's satisfaction and the triumph of the married men was complete. Nevertheless, his thoughtful countenance, and absent manner, plainly indicated he was thinking of Madame de Versuil. Florville, who was watching his opportunity to rally his forces, and retaliate on his antagonists, profited by the striking change in Versuil's manner, to attack afresh the poor married men.

Dorsan, perceiving that the pleasantries of the spiteful painter fell rather rudely on his friend, proposed that they should adjourn to the drawing-room to drink coffee. There they found ices of all kinds served upon a large plateau, crowned with flowers.

"I shall be obliged to make another eulogium on my excellent little wife, although I risk offending the gentlemen bachelors; she certainly has exerted all her taste to surprise and gratify us."

"Certainly," cried Florville, "no one can, with a better grace tie the bandage of love across the eyes of Hymen; a pretty subject for a picture I propose to execute, and an engraving of which I shall be proud to offer to each of our married friends present: the copper-plate I wish to dedicate to our good friend Versueil."

The ironical remarks of the painter were interrupted by the appearance of Jenny, dressed as a smart young waiting-maid, carrying a large coffee-pot in her hand. She informed them that the waiting-maid of the house, terrified at the idea of appearing before twenty-four gentlemen, just risen from a convivial dinner, had requested her to supply her place in handing coffee. This she performed with a grace and gaiety which charmed all hearts. Versueil whispered to her, "You did not then dine with my wife?"

"No, certainly, I have never been out of my home."

"And you do not know where she is gone?"

"What does it signify, provided she returns to you?"

As she finished speaking, another young waiting-maid, in the same costume as Jenny, entered, carrying a large cut glass salver, and a pitcher. "This is one of my friends," said Jenny, "who possesses the talent of making punch to perfection."

"Heavens!" cried Versueil, "it is my wife! how I am rejoiced!"

It was she herself, who, wishing to try her husband, had really gone out in a carriage with the young officer in view of all her servants,—but hastened to join her friend, where they had acted in concert.

The joy of Versueil was lessened by the idea that the malicious painter's insinuations had really excited in his breast a suspicion of his wife. He received an enchanting smile as his chastisement, which produced more effect than the best conjugal sermon.

All the guests crowded round the two charming waiting-maids, with the exception of Florville, who, for the first time in his life, experienced an involuntary sentiment of respect and esteem for the fair sex. He threw himself at the ladies' feet, implored their pardon, and swore to them, that, conquered by their virtues, he would renounce his errors, forswear celibacy, and accept the wife they should condescend to select for him.

"If, by good chance," said Madame Doran, "we could but find one who has plenty of errors to atone for, and great expiations to make, we should see our sex amply revenged for all your insults."

"I will devote my whole life in recanting them," replied he: "find me, if possible, a companion who resembles you, and I will gracefully submit to the yoke, and bless the chain I have so long derided!"

The two young wives could not retain their resentment after such a conversation, which made a lively impression upon all the bachelors. After having served the coffee, and punch, they retired to the great regret of the company, who wished positively to retain them. But Jenny said to them, with her enchanting smile, that their task was completed, since they had contributed to the pleasure of the gentlemen, and succeeded in convincing them that a sensible and prudent woman ought never to forsake her home.

DAVID CROCKETT.

We copy from the Winchester, Va. Republican, the eulogized notice of the celebrated Col. Crockett, of Tennessee.

He is a self-made man—a practical Legislator. For many years he drove a wagon from Berkeley county in Virginia, to Baltimore, and in that school which gave him so many opportunities of studying human nature in the lower walks of life, he laid the foundation for his future course in the halls of Congress. Becoming in time, the owner of a team, he commenced the Tennessee trade, which opened a wider field of observation and adventure, while its profits yielded a lucrative reward. His social and convivial habits, rendered him the pride of his fellow wagoners, while his shrewdness and judgment made him the umpire in every disputed point that arose among them. The influence which he thus acquired was always exercised with prudence and generosity. In the quarrels which frequently arose between the wagoners and the inhabitants living on the route, his authority was appealed to by both sides, and his decisions acquiesced in by both with perfect submission.

Becoming wearied, at length, with the toilsome occupation he had so long though successfully pursued, he retired to a farm in the mountains of Tennessee, where he soon obtained among his neighbors a supremacy as great as that which he had previously held among his fellow wagoners. At the first trial he was elected to the house of Assembly,

where he attracted the general gaze by his grotesque appearance, his rough manners, and jovial habits, at the same time that he exhibited uncommon indications of a strong though undisciplined mind. He became, indeed, an object of universal notoriety; and to return from the capital without having seen Col. Crockett, betrayed a total destitution of curiosity, and a perfect insensibility to the "glories" of the West.

Without further noticing Col. C.'s course in the legislature, where he continued several years, we shall briefly sketch the manner in which he got into Congress. It was understood that two gentlemen intended offering for the seat, between whom an irreconcilable variance existed. Upon the announcement of one of them, the other as a burlesque upon his abilities, caused the nomination of Mr. Crockett, who lived in the district, to appear in the same paper—the two announcements being placed in juxtaposition, in order to lessen the character of the real candidate. The author of the burlesque remained behind the curtain, chuckling at the success which he feared would follow, in the defeat of his rival. On the newspapers being shown to Col. Crockett, he at once saw through the plot, and instantly determined to become a bona fide candidate, simply to put down what he considered a base manoeuvre against an honorable man. He accordingly commenced the canvass in good earnest, rode over the fourteen counties of the district, sought out the wagoners and rustic mountaineers—in short, electioneered with such success, that he was elected by a triumphant majority over both his competitors. He has since been opposed, but has never lost any of his popularity; and it is questionable whether he is not now as much deified by his constituents, as General Jackson himself. This, however, will soon be tested, as he has come out against the General, and is a candidate for reelection.

We have gathered the foregoing sketch of Col. C.'s history from a gentleman of this country, who accidentally fell in with the Col. last winter as he was proceeding to congress. This meeting was somewhat singular, and perhaps worth relating.

It was a rainy afternoon, when a stranger was observed to pass through the little village of Nineveh, at an easy pace, apparently unconscious of, or wholly indifferent to, the rain which was falling. Our informant mounted his horse shortly after, and soon overtook the stranger. They entered into conversation, when our friend soon discovered that his companion was no ordinary man—not that there was anything extraordinary in his conversational powers; but they were unique and peculiar—unlike any he had ever before witnessed. He became more and more interested, and was gratified on the stranger's acceptance of an invitation to spend the night at his house, situated two or three miles from the road. After alighting, the wonder increased who the guest could be, and ran throughout the family. Curiosity had become highly excited as the stranger continued to "discourse most marvelously," until at length something fell from him which led his host to exclaim, "Why you must be Col. Crockett!" "I am," was the emphatic reply. "Col. Crockett! Col. Crockett!" ran in whispers through the whole household, while the imposing words, "a member of Congress!" caused the children to look with awe and reverence.

Their shyness, however, soon wore off, as the Colonel took them upon his knee and played with and caressed them. Being thus at home, his spirits flowed forth in their natural lightness and buoyancy. He went over his early history—his career in the legislature of Tennessee—his election to Congress in the manner we have related—told the story of his dining at Mr. Adams', a caricature description of which went the rounds of the newspapers in 1828—avowed freely his political opinions—that he had forsaken Gen. Jackson, finding he was not the man he expected him to be—spoke of the abuses of government, which instead of reforming, as Jackson had promised, he had greatly multiplied; and, in short, held the whole family willing auditors until after midnight. In the morning he departed for Washington, where on the floor of Congress, he boldly proclaimed the sentiments he had privately avowed.

CONJUGATING A VERB.

Dick Orrod and his brother Giles were fine specimens of the bumptious boys of the West of England: their father, who was a flourishing farmer, sent them to pick up a little learning at an expensive academy, in a large town about twenty miles from the village where he lived. The master had but recently purchased the school from his predecessor; and stranger as he was to the dialect of that part of the country, he could scarcely understand above one half of what Dick and Giles Orrod, and a few more of his pupils, meant when they spoke. "I knowed, I rimmed, and I hut," were barbarisms, to which his ear had never been accustomed; and it was only by degrees

he discovered that they were translations into the rural tongue, of "I knew, I run, and I hit." But there were few so rude of speech as Dick and Giles Orrod.

Fraternal affection was a virtue that did not flourish in the bosoms of either of these young gentlemen. Dick's greatest enemy on earth was Giles; and if honest Giles hated any human being except the master, it was Dick. They were excellent spies on each other's conduct: Giles never missed an opportunity of procuring Dick a castigation: and Dick was equally active in making the master acquainted with every punishable peccadillo that his brother committed.

One day an accusation was preferred against Master Richard, by one of the monitors, of having cut down a small tree in the shrubbery; but there was not sufficient evidence to bring the offence home to the supposed culprit.

"Does no young gentleman happen to know any thing more of this matter?" inquired the master.

Giles immediately walked from his seat, and taking a place by the side of his brother, looked as though he had something relevant to communicate.

"Well, sir," said the master, "what do you know about the tree?"

"If you please, sir," growled Giles, "if you please, sir, I sawed un."

"Oh! you sawed un? did you?"

"Iss, I did;—Dick seed I saw un."

"Is this true, Master Richard?"

"Iss," said Dick; and Giles much to his astonishment, was immediately flogged.

At the termination of the ceremony, it occurred to the master, to ask Giles, how he had obtained the saw. "About your saw, young gentleman," said he, "where do you get a saw when you want one?"

Giles had some faint notions of grammar floating in his brain, and thinking that his master meant the verb, and not the substantive, blubbered out— "from see."

"See!—so you go on board the vessels in the dock, do you, out of school hours, and expend your pocket-money in purchasing implements to cut down my shrubbery?"

"Noa, sir," said Giles, "I deant goa aboard no ships, nor cut down noa shrubberies."

"What, sirrah! did you not confess it?"

"Noa, sir; I said I sawed brother Dick cut down the tree, and he seed I sawed un, and a' couldn't deny it."

"I didn't deny it," said Dick.

"Then possibly you are the real delinquent after all, Master Richard," exclaimed the master.

Dick confessed that he was, but he hoped the master would not beat him, after having flogged his brother for the same offence: in his way, he humbly submitted that one punishment, no matter who received it—but especially as it had been bestowed on one of the same family as the delinquent—was to all intents and purposes, enough for one crime.

The master, however, did not coincide with Dick on this grave point, and the young gentleman was duly flogged.

"As for Master Giles," said the master, as he laid down the birch, "he well merited a flogging for his astonishing—his wilful stupidity. If boys positively will not profit by my instructions, I am bound, in duty to their parents, to try the effect of castigation. No man grieves more sincerely than I do, at the necessity which exists for using the birch and cane as instruments of liberal education; and yet, unfortunately, no man I verily believe, is compelled to use them more frequently than myself. I was occupied for full half an hour, in drumming this identical verb into Giles Orrod, only yesterday morning; and you, sir," added he, turning to Dick, "you, I suppose, are quite as great a blockhead as your brother. Now attend to me, both of you:—what's the past of *see*?"

"Either of the young gentlemen replied.

"I thought as much," quoth the master.—

"The perfect of *see* is the present of *saw*—

SEE, SAW."

"SEE, SAW," shouted the boys; but that unfortunate verb was the stumbling-block to their advancement. They never could comprehend how the perfect of *see*, could be the present of *saw*! and days, weeks, months,—nay, years after—they were still at their endless, and to them, incomprehensible game of SEE-SAW.

English paper.

Groton Monument. The New London Gazette announces the completion of this Monument in commemoration of one of the most doubtful events of the revolution. The following is a description of it:—

GROTON MONUMENT.

It stands on the summit of the Hill 70 rods from the shore, near Fort Griswold, in Groton, on the east bank of the river Thames, and directly opposite the centre of the city of New London. The hill is 130 feet above tide water, and rises gradually from the river. The foundation rises one foot above the surface, and is 26 feet square. The Base is 24 feet square of large massy granite, with split faces, 3 feet

high, each stone weighing 5 or 6 tons laid in regular courses. The stylobation or Dye is 22 feet square, of similar stone in size and appearance, raised in regular courses or tiers, preserving a regular bond, 17 feet high with an entablature of hewn stone, the architrave 3 feet face, and the cornice one foot face, extending on each side 1 foot beyond the dye, or 24 feet square, making the height from the ground 25 feet.

On this cap is raised a square obelisk, 20 feet base, 92 feet high, and 10 feet at top, of large rough faced granite, laid in regular courses, preserving the bond line throughout, finished at the top with wide flat hewn stone, for a lookout, or place to stand on, this is secured by a stout iron railing on the outer edge, four feet high. On the top and in the centre of the obelisk, is a frame of iron and copper, rising 6 feet above the iron railing, covered with thick Boston glass as a sky light, lighting the inside of the building, which is round and conical.—The ascent to the top is by a set of stone steps, 168 in number, rising in spiral form, inserted in the inner wall, and secured at the other end by an iron railing and banisters, leaving the centre hollow to admit light from above, affording a safe, easy, and light passage to ascend.

On the top is a convenient door in the sky light, which admits passing out on the stone platform, 2 feet wide all around, between the iron railing and the sky light, furnishing spectators a safe and convenient stand from which to view the surrounding country.

On the south and west is presented the Ocean and Long Island Sound, with their shores and islands, and on the north and east the country around. On the east, south, and west, there is no intervening land to limit the sight. On the north, some hills at a distance partially obstruct the view. On three sides vision may be extended as far as the naked eye or a glass will reach, and from the top is presented one of the most sublime and extensive prospects that can be imagined—it will amply repay the admirers of nature for the toil of ascending.

On the west side of the Monument, over the door, is a marble slab inserted, 8 feet long by 2 feet 9 inches wide on which is the following inscription:—

THIS MONUMENT

was erected under the patronage of the STATE OF CONNECTICUT, Anno Domini 1830: a.d. in the 55th year of the Independence of the United States of America; In Honor of the brave PATRIOTS, who fell in the massacre in Fort Griswold, (near this spot) on the 6th of September, A.D. 1781; when the British soldiers under the command of the TRAITOR, BENEDICT ARNOLD, burnt the town of New London and Groton, and spread Desolation and Woe throughout this region.

On the south side is inserted a marble slab, 9 feet by 7 feet with the following text, from the 5th chapter of Judges, 18th verse.

"Zebulon and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death, in the high places of the field."

Under which is inscribed the names of the brave Col. Ledyard, and his fellow Patriots, who fell in the Fort, on the fatal 6th of September, 1781. The height of the Monument is 127 feet.

Two country girls, who came into Boston to make a purchase, inquired of a shopkeeper if he had any *Summer Coolers*; he was a little puzzled at the question, but fancying he might not be very wrong, he showed them some muslin: "Why, you, I did not ax for any o' that"—when casting her eyes on a parcel which lay on the shelf, with a fan tied on the outside, she cried out, "Why I guess as how there is some in that are paper." The fans were instantly placed on the counter, and on opening one of them which was sufficiently gaudy, and embellished with all the colors of the rainbow, with her eye-brows elevated she screamed out to her companion, "O mi! ovy look of this ere!" The other, with equal astonishment, exclaimed, "O Ruth! Ruth! bye that ere, it will draw Jonathan's eyes, a Sabber day, just like a melliot plaster!"

Boston Transcript.

Change of Color in the Plumage of Birds from Fear. The following facts are related by Mr. Young in the Edinburgh Geographical Journal.—A blackbird had been surprised in a cage by a cat. When it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, and quite wet with sweat, its feathers fell off and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white. A grey linnnet happened to raise its feathers at a man who was drunk; he instantly tore the creature from its cage, and plucked off all its feathers. The poor animal survived the accident, (the outrage, we would rather say, and had its feathers replaced, but they were also white.

There is nothing that a vain man will not do to appear virtuous! He loves nothing so much as his mask. I have known persons who in four weeks scarcely changed their shirts; but who nevertheless put on a clean collar daily, that they might appear clean.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, MAY 14, 1831.

LUTHER LAPEL;

OR, THE WANT OF PUNCTUALITY.

Luther Lapel was apprenticed to a tailor, and, after seven years of faithful attention to his master's service set up a shop for himself. He commenced business under very favorable auspices, and every body said he would do well in the world. He was a good workman, had some money, considerable credit, and a great many friends.

But there was one trait in Luther's character, which had not previously developed itself, and which was to prove the ruin of his hopes, and to disappoint the expectations of his friends—and that was, the *Want of Punctuality*. And here let us observe, that no mechanic, no tradesman, no person who depends on the good opinion of the public for a livelihood, can expect to thrive without the necessary virtue of punctuality.

Luther Lapel began to exhibit his unfortunate trait—first, in disappointing his customers of work which he had promised; secondly, in disappointing those with whom he had pecuniary dealings; and generally, in not being exact in the fulfilment of his promises in the ordinary concerns of life. This was detrimental in every way. By disappointing his customers of their promised work, he lost business; by disappointing his creditors in the payment of money, he lost credit; and by failing to fulfil his promises in the miscellaneous concerns of life, he forfeited the general confidence. Thus he lost business, friends, and credit. But this was not all; his want of punctuality not unfrequently subjected him to the immediate loss of money, of time, and of labor.

For example—having promised a suit of clothes to an alderman, who was to dine on a certain public occasion, Luther was half an hour too late; the turtle soup was in danger of cooling, and the alderman went to dine in his old clothes. The new suit was sent home as soon as finished, and the garments were well made; but the die was cast; the alderman was vexed, as well he might be; and the clothes were returned upon the tailor. What was to be done? The alderman being a man of some twenty score weight, and of a very peculiar configuration, the clothes would fit no other person, and therefore the tailor was obliged to keep them on his hands. The cloth was of the finest quality, which, taken together with the uncommon quantity contained in the garments, rendered the loss a severe one. Luther endeavored by coaxing and by promises of greater punctuality in future, to prevail upon the alderman to take the clothes; but the alderman was a mountain not to be moved. From coaxing and promises Luther proceeded to threats; but the man-mountain stood fast. Legal measures were resorted to, and a suit at law was brought to recover payment for the suit of clothes. But it was very justly argued by the defendant's counsel, that half an hour in "padding time" was not to be lost; and that in as much as his client was obliged to dine in his old clothes or lose his dinner, it was but just and fair that the plaintiff should lose the suit. The jury were of the same opinion. The tailor appealed, and the decision was confirmed. Thus, in consequence of being half an hour too late, Mr. Lapel not only lost the suit of clothes, but much time and money into the bargain. He of course lost the custom of the alderman; and several other gentlemen withdrew their patronage through the alderman's influence.

But this misfortune did not cure him of tardiness in the fulfilment of his promises. A fond lover was obliged to defer his happiness for the space of twenty-four hours—an age to him—in consequence of not receiving his wedding suit in season; and though he did not finally refuse the clothes, the recollection of the lost twenty-four hours, the pouting of his mistress, and the laugh of his friends, so chagrined him, that he forever afterwards deprived Luther of his custom.

Another man lost his election to an important office in consequence of attending a public meeting in a threadbare coat, for the want of a new one which Luther had promised. He was expected to address the people on that occasion; and indeed he did mount the rostrum—but his eloquence was sadly marred by the consciousness of his shabby appearance. He could not speak in an old coat, any more than a lawyer in England can without his wig. The attempt was pronounced to be a total failure; and the result was, that in the ensuing election, his rival carried the day. Hereupon the enraged politician brought his action against the tailor for the value of the office

which he had lost. The action was just, and so it was charged from the bench; but by one of those chances of law, whereby justice is sadly scandalized, a verdict was rendered for the defendant. Nevertheless the expense of defending the suit, left him minus, at least one hundred dollars. But it would be useless to enumerate the cases, in which Luther's want of punctuality to his customers, proved injurious to his interests.

In the payment of debts he was equally negligent. If he had the money in his possession, he generally contrived to put off the payment, until his notes were protested, or his bills lodged with a constable; so that, along with the debt, he was almost certain to pay cost.

Luther had a wealthy uncle residing in Philadelphia, who wrote to him, that if he would be at his house by a certain day, he would make him a present of a thousand dollars. Luther determined to go; but in consequence of being half an hour too late in getting to the wharf, the steam boat went off and left him. "Hang it!" said he, as he turned upon his heel, "what's the difference of one day? I'll take care to be in season to-morrow." He did so—he reached Philadelphia without any accident—but, alas! the old gentleman, who was in excellent health the day previous, had gone off in an apoplexy, a full hour before the tailor arrived.

In almost every thing Luther Lapel was too late. He was a regular attendant at church; but as he seldom arrived till the middle of the discourse, he could make nothing of it; nor could he find a seat, though he took pains to rent a pew at considerable expense. He was always too late at meals, and was thus obliged to take up with the refuse of the table. The meat, if any remained, was cold; the coffee was cold, or run aground; the toast had disappeared, the butter was consumed—in short, no alternative remained to Luther, but to make the best he could of the scanty fragments that remained. The tailor had a sort of military turn, and few men looked better in regimentals than he; but he was generally on the parade ground so late, as to incur a fine. "Alas!" said he, "a stitch in time saves nine," but I am always too late in threading my needle.

Luther Lapel was a very personable fellow to look at, and became quite a favorite with the fair sex. He was also a fellow of some spirit, and laid siege to the heart of a belle valued at ten thousand dollars. His success was almost beyond his hopes; for he took his measures so well, that in a short time the lady engaged to marry him. The day was fixed, the wedding cake was made, the lady was arrayed in her best, the bride-maids were present, the groom's-men were in waiting, the guests had assembled, and nothing but punctuality was wanting to make Mr. Lapel the happiest man alive. But he was so late in coming, that the loved one got out of all patience; and before he arrived, she had struck up a bargain and was married to one of the groom's-men.

But, as we said just now, Luther was a man of spirit, and though but a tailor, he called his rival to the field to take an exchange of cold lead. The groom's-man was at first considerably frightened; but presently recollecting the unfortunate trait of the tailor, he mustered courage and accepted the challenge. He was punctual to the minute; but the discarded lover was an hour too late, and so he lost the pleasure of shooting his rival.

Luther finally got married; but his wife was subject to fits, and he was one day informed by his negro boy, that his *missus* had fallen in the fire. "In the fire!" exclaimed the tailor, who was just then pressing down a seam—"in the fire! did you say, Pomp?"

"Yes, massa, she in de fire."

"Well, go back, and tell her I'll come in a minute." He finished pressing the seam, hastened to the house, and found Mrs. Lapel so burnt that she survived but a few hours.

The affairs of poor Lapel were now going fast to ruin. His credit was entirely gone, his customers had forsaken him, his friends were estranged, his matrimonial disappointments and misfortunes preyed upon his mind; he became dissipated, shut up his shop, and resolved to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to the Poles. The ship was to sail at eight o'clock on a given morning; but Luther did not arrive at the wharf till nine; when, finding the vessel gone, he muttered something about being always too late, and in a sudden fit of despair, plunged headlong in the water and was drowned.

A DEFAULTER NO DEFAULTER. Joseph Nouse, late Register of the U. S. Treasury, who was turned out of office, and accused and prosecuted as a defaulter, has obtained a verdict against the Government of \$12,000.

MEDITATIONS

ON A PINCH OF SNUFF.

What thoughts are generated by these

"Pungent grains of titillating dust."

which I hold between my thumb and finger!—What varied and remarkable qualities they possess! What wonderful effects they produce! What labor and ingenuity—what variety of hands and interests—have been engaged in their production! Delight of the nose! agitator of the body! cheerer of the mind! Here goes—but stop! before we apply them to our sneezing organ, let us meditate a little on the crowding thoughts to which they give rise.

And first, as to the production of a pinch of snuff. The invention, the skill, and the labor employed in its preparation, are not to be sneezed at—that operation being very properly reserved for the snuff itself. In the first place, the tobacco, whereof the snuff is manufactured, must be raised—or as the planters say, "grown." The tobacco seed, which is less than "the least of all grains"—that is to say—less than mustard seed, and exceedingly minute, must be planted or sown, otherwise it will not be likely to sprout, take root, shoot up, expand, grow, blossom, flourish, ripen, and produce the delightful Indian weed, whereof not only snuff, but plug, kitchoot, pigtail, and ladies' twist—Havannas, Seroots, and long nines, are made.

The tobacco seed must not only be planted, but it must come up and grow, otherwise it will never come to any thing, though it have been planted a thousand years. In order to aid its growth, it must be looked to and tended. The earth must be stirred, and the weeds choked. The tobacco worm, that notorious epicure, who feeds upon its leaves without fear of the dyspepsia, who is not content, like a reasonable tobacco chewer, to take a little for the pleasing effect it produces on the nerves—the tobacco worm, we say, must be dislodged—peradventure destroyed—otherwise he will destroy the fragrant plant.

And when the plant is grown and fully ripe, it must be gathered—yea it must be conveyed to a shelter; for it will never gather itself, nor remove itself one inch, from the spot whereon it grew—it will not budge at the injunction of man, any more than the Virginian that raises it. It must be gathered, housed, sweated, hung up, and cured.—What a striking resemblance between the management of tobacco, and that of the body natural, and the body politic! The condition of the body natural oftentimes requires the use of sudorifics, or sweating; and the condition of the body politic is treated by hanging. Wonderful similitude! Sinking coincidence! Marvellous agreement between the management of rogues, rheumatism, and tobacco!

But let us see—whereabouts had we got? Ah! to the curing; and this is no sinecure. It is an important operation, and must be managed most judiciously—neither exceeding nor falling short of the exact point whereon the delightful quality of the weed depends. The cure being completed, it is packed in a sort of vessels compounded of staves and hoops, and denominated hogsheds—thus entering a hog's-head before it goes into a man's head! It is transported to the water's side; it is shipped; it is brought to Lorrillard's; it is cast into the mill; it is ground; it is pulverized; it is rendered delightfully fragrant; it is ended with the power of sneezability; in a word, it is metamorphosed into snuff. Here goes—but wait! Is there not something else that we would say?

Ah! true—the number and quality of the heads, hands, and hearts employed, from the first sowing of the seed to the last vending of the snuff. The white master and the black slave; the half-blood and the fourth-blood; the heads of wool and the heads of hair; all grades and all colors. What is it that gives the hue to the different kinds of snuff? The yellow to the rappee, and the black to the maceboy? Is it owing to the tawny skin of the mulatto, the sable hide of the African, who have been so much employed about the Indian weed? We "pause for a reply"—and in the mean time we will tickle our noses—but not till we have finished our meditations.

What a vast variety of interests as well as heads are concerned in the produce of that most minute of all inconsiderable grains—the seed of *nicotiana tabacum*, or tobacco! What a variety of trades, professions, and occupations, have been employed, from first to last, in one way or other, about this single pinch which I hold between my thumb and finger! The planter's that grew the tobacco—the cooper's that prepared the hogsheds—the shipwright's that built the ships—the sailor's that navigated them—the carter's that removed the cargo from the wharf—the machinist's that built the snuff mill—the manufacturer's that prepared

these pungent grains—the wholesale merchant's that bought them of the manufacturer—the retail merchant's that bought them of the wholesale—the mechanic's who made the snuff box—the urchin's that went to the retailer's to get it filled—and finally the retail clerk's that cheated the urchin that went to get it filled! Besides all these, are the innumerable streams that go to make up the ocean of interests and concerns that have been agitated about, upon, and concerning this single pinch of snuff. And yet the agitation is not over; and so here—

But now as to the effects—Ah! there's the rub—

What queer effects may come, When we have snuffed in these pungent grains, Must give us pause!

Shakspeare—ahem! A pinch of snuff, though it be but a small matter, produces very striking effects. It brings into play several of the muscles of the body, which, being powerfully excited through the titillation of the nose, contract with violence, produce a sudden and involuntary jerking and bobbing of the head, an expulsion of air from the lungs, an explosion from the proboscis, and a "God bless you!" from the bystanders.

But these are merely the nasal and bodily effects. Let us meditate a moment upon those it produces on the mind. By stimulating the nose—the leader and guide of man—it excites the mind and exhilarates the spirits. It awakens the drowsy faculties; it delights and cheers; it produces hope; it rouses courage; it fortifies patience; it strengthens perseverance. In a word, it produces wonders! The warrior takes it when he is going to battle; the statesman, when he is perplexed with doubts and difficulties; the judge when he is puzzled with a knotty case; the parson, when he has lost the thread of his discourse, and forgot his notes; the wit, when he is at his wit's end; the chess-player, when he is in danger of being check-mated; the author, when he is laboring for an idea; the waning coquette, when her last stratagem has failed; and the lone maiden, when death has laid his cold paw on her favorite lapdog. In short, the pinch of snuff is welcomed in all conditions of trial—whether of grief, doubt, fear, perplexity, or a rainy day. The box is tapped, the thumb and finger are inserted, the nose is tickled, and the trouble sneezed away. So here goes—kischuhup! kischuhup! kischuhup!

HOGARTHIANA.

PRATER BOOKS AND CORKSCREWS. In Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversations," a parson is represented with a corkscrew in his hand, and outstitching all his companions, who are fallen drunk around him. "In justification of the propriety of giving the priest a corkscrew," says Cunningham, "the following anecdote was related by Lord Sandwich. 'I was in company where there were ten parsons, and I made a wager privately, and won it, that among the ten parsons there was not one prayer book. I then offered to lay another wager, that, among the ten parsons there were half a score of corkscrews—it was accepted, the butler received his instructions, pretended to break his corkscrew, and requested any gentleman to lend him one, when each priest pulled a corkscrew from his pocket.'"

ORATOR HENLEY. Many of the prominent figures in Hogarth's prints are real likenesses. That of the parson, in Modern Midnight Conversation, is said to be no less a personage than Orator Henley, immortalized in Pope's Dunciad. By others, the honor of sitting for the portrait is given to Parson Ford, a profligate clergyman of that period. Of Orator Henley, says Cunningham, the following anecdote is related; he was drinking in the Grecian Coffee-House, in company with a friend, when he was heard to say—

"Pray, what has become of our old acquaintance, Dick Smith?"

Friend. I really don't know: the last I heard from him he was at Ceylon, or some other of our West India settlements.

Henley. Ceylon, sir? You have made two mistakes—Ceylon is not one of our settlements, and is in the East Indies, not the West.

Friend. That I deny.

Henley. The more shame for you: every boy eight years old knows the truth of what I say.

Friend. Well, well, be it as you will. Thank God I know very little about these sort of things.

Henley. What! you thank God for your ignorance, do you?

Friend. I do, sir; what then?

Henley. You have much to be thankful for.

COLONEL CHARTERIS. Among other notorious characters of the day, who were pilloried by Hogarth, was Colonel Charteris, a polished profligate, who had been previously branded by Pope. Such a man could not be reclaimed, but he could be exhibited as a warning to others. That noble

ing might be wanting to finish the picture, he was honored with the following epitaph, by Arbuthnot. "Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Charteris: who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, except profligacy and hypocrisy! his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first—his matchless impudence from the second.

EAVES-DROPPING. *Pennsylvania vs. Lovett.* This appears to be the third trial, in that respectable State, on a similar indictment. It took place at a late session of the inferior court, in Buck's County. Mrs. Wilhelmina Broadnax was the complainant. The defendant, it seems was guilty of peeping in at the windows, and afterwards of circulating slanderous reports. But on the other hand it was proved, that he was authorized by the husband of complainant to watch his wife, "and see if there was any thing amiss." The counsel for defendant said—"Peeping or looking is not an indictable offence; it must be, by listening or eaves-dropping after the discourse, that the offence of Eaves-Dropping is committed; and a man is allowed to *peep* wherever he pleases and when he pleases, and for what purpose he pleases, without being indictable." His honor, the judge, said—"There is no law that can prevent a husband from constituting a watch over his wife. A husband may slander his wife, yet she cannot maintain an action for slander. And if he has given this man authority to watch his wife, I do not know how he can be prosecuted." The jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty, and complainant to pay costs.

The punishment of Eaves-Dropping, in case of conviction, it appears, would have been fine and being obliged to find security for good behaviour. But we think the more appropriate punishment would be, to stretch the offender's ears, in the same manner as Apollo did those of King Midas.

PARK THEATRE. The new Tragedy of Caius Marius, written for Mr. Forrest by Richard Penn Smith, was produced at the Park on Monday evening, and repeated on Wednesday, to full houses. The part of Caius Marius was played by Mr. Forrest, and with his usual ability. He was well supported by Mr. Barry and Mrs. Sharpe, in the respective parts of Sulpitius, and Martha the Sibyl.

The author has chosen, an interesting period of Roman history; and the strong, yet varied traits in the character of Marius—the intriguing demagogue, the brave soldier, the popular general, the revengeful and bloody tyrant—are exhibited in appropriate colors. Marius on the "Ruins of Carthage," to which due justice has been done by the Scene-painter, is a striking object—the ambitious soldier, driven from his country, seared in heart, panting for revenge and yet powerless to obtain it—meditating upon his own fallen fortunes, on the spot that gave birth to Hamilcar and Hannibal—was no ordinary theme for the pencil of the poet.

The author has followed the general course of history in the management of the plot, except in the concluding scene, where he kills off Caius Marius by a cup of poison, instead of permitting him to die of old age and infirmities, as history assures us he did. But such an end would have been very undramatic; besides, the poet could not well wait for so tardy an event. The hero must be killed *secundum artem*, and in due season.

We noticed occasional instances of bad taste in the poetry, by which the stately dignity of Melpomene was somewhat lowered, and the tragic effect a little marred. The scene in the last act—where Metella is introduced wounded, and dies on the corpse of her father, which is carried in funeral procession for that especial purpose—seems to us also to be in bad taste. But these faults may be easily corrected; and on the whole we think Mr. Smith has reason to congratulate himself on the production of a play with so great claims to success.

Cinderella was played, for the 31st time on Wednesday evening; and as an evidence of its merit, the lovers of music seem never to be tired of its repetition; but like it better and better the more they have of it.

MARRIAGE OF ALEXANDER—THE GREAT—GREAT—GRANDFATHER. Never were the consolations of lines—

"There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late
She'll find some honest gander for her mate!"

more strongly exemplified than in the following case. "Married in Bath, Stuben Co. on the 11th ult. Mr. Moses Alexander, aged 95, to Mrs. Frances Tompkins, aged 105!" We are not informed whether the happy couple rose without help the next morning.

CRUMBS OF EDITORIAL COMFORT. The editor of the Boston Galaxy relates that a subscriber of his, at Havanna, has sent him a bag of Coffee of 160 pounds; and proposes, should he like the coffee, to send him also a barrel of sugar, which will be very convenient and proper, inasmuch as one good turn deserves another—and sugar is a natural sequence of coffee.

MR. EDITOR.—There are many ways to which merchants resort to recommend their goods to the attention of their customers, and thereby effect advantageous sales; the city merchant will tell you perhaps that he imported the goods which he offers you, and knows they are cheap, or that they were purchased at the last auction, or that *cash* (the ne plus ultra of every thing) was paid for them. All this is very well, and we pay due deference to such measures for getting off hobbins and shirt buttons; but in my opinion the recommendation which the country clerk gives you, far surpasses any thing the city can turn out. There is something so comprehensive in the replies; so respectful! and in coming to the point, there is nothing like them.

Not many evenings since, I put a cigar in my mouth, took my willow walking stick from the entry, and sallied out. The evening was pleasant, and I thought I would walk as far as Deacon B's store. I had not been long seated when a customer came in, and the following questions and answers took place; and I think any reasonable, intelligent person will be willing to allow their intrinsic excellence in the way of trade.

"Have you got any sugar?"

"Ahem! Yers marm."

"Is it good?"

"Ahem! If our sugar haint good tis no matter."

"I'll take a quarter."

"Have you got any molasses?"

"Ahem! Yers marm."

"Is it good?"

"Ahem! Marm, our molasses is as straight as a pickered."

"I'll take a quart."

JONATHAN.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

MR. EDITOR.—The last number of your paper contained a notice of the re-opening of this establishment, of the decorations, scenery, and other internal improvements which have been added to it, and the company engaged in its service, by the present proprietors. The full houses it has since witnessed, give ample assurance that these exertions to please, will be met by the public with a most liberal patronage. As to the company, we think we may hazard the assertion, that, as a whole, there has not been its superior, in comedy, for many years, in this city. We witnessed the performance of the Honey Moon, on the first night of the opening of the theatre, and were struck with the general spirit with which all the parts were supported. The grotesque humor of Phillips and Hyatt, set the most imputable gravity at defiance, while the lively disposition, and the natural playfulness of Mrs. Hughes, did not fail to elicit the admiration of the whole house. In tragedy, we need only mention that the services of Messrs. Pelly, Thorn, and Thayer, together with those of Mrs. Gilfert, are enlisted at the Chatham. With such performers, we cannot but believe, that the days of its former prosperity will return, and, that the name of the Chatham will again take a proud rank among the theatres of the country.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

Eloquence is of various sorts as well as of different degrees. The eloquence of one orator may rival that of another without at all resembling it. There are Mr. CLAY and Mr. WEBSTER—who will deny to either of them, or to Mr. SERGEANT or Mr. WRIGHT, the need of eloquence! and yet how little comparison can be drawn between them! One of the most eloquent men we ever heard of at times, Mr. BURGESS, of Rhode Island. In the case of this gentleman, his figure and appearance, and his known amiable character and strongly marked moral qualities, go to increase the effect of what he delivers with so much energy. "There are circumstances of his life which, where known, give a thrilling effect to some passages of his speeches. He had the misfortune to follow to the grave several grown children, of distinguished talent and merit, having lost all his children but one, who is now the hope and solace of his advancing years. With this fact impressed on the mind, the reader will find in the close of the following extract from a speech lately delivered by Mr. BURGESS at a dinner given to him by his constituents, a touching instance of the power of eloquence and feeling united:

"Our candidate for Governor is accused of having been born in Vermont. Of all the events of a man's life this is, especially, the one for which he cannot be made accountable. It cannot be denied, that the place of our birth is ever dear to memory. The green hill top, from which the young eye first

looked at the rising sun, the brook, the forest, the field, where, in early life, we have sported or labored, I know cannot be forgotten. Indeed, this truth to the land of our birth, is the highest pledge which we can give that we shall keep faith and allegiance with the land of our adoption. The same principle carries us from the bosom of our parents, to that of a more endeared relation. Leaving, no matter what other land, we are united to this State, by a relation as holy as wedlock; and those who have been joined by the sacraments of God, let not the sacrilegious hand of man attempt to put asunder. We can, I know, though not without a sigh, depart from the graves of our fathers; but, Oh! who can ever tear himself from the tomb of his children!"

National Intelligencer.

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

After a conversation, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

What thou! with thy genius, thy youth and thy fame,

Thou! born of a Russell, whose instinct to run

The accustomed career of thy sires is the same

As the eagle's to soar with his eyes to the sun;

Whose nobility comes to thee stamp'd with a seal

Far, far more ennobling than monarch's or set,

With the blood of thy race offer'd up for the weal

Of a nation that swears by that martyrdom y-t.

Shalt thou be faint-hearted, and turn from the strife,

From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,

And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,

Is for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command!

No, no—never dream it—while good men despair

Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,

Never think for a instant, thy country can spare

Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

With a spirit as meek as the gentlest of those

Who, in life's sunny valley, lie sheltered and warm,

Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose

To the top-cliffs of fortune, and breasted her storm.

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as in youth

Thy first kindles the bard, and gives life to his lyre;

Yet mellow'd e'en now by that mildness of truth

Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot's fire;

With an equanimity, not like those rills from a height,

Which sparkle and foam and in vapour are o'er;

But a current, that works out its way into light,

Through the flitting recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted—thou never canst sleep in the shade;

If the string of genius, the music of fame,

If the charms of thy cause have not pow'r to persuade,

Yet think how to freedom thou'rt pledged by thy name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,

Set apart for the fame, and its service divine,

All the branches that spring from the old Russell tree,

Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of her shrine.

* It forms the ground of a sneer against Lord John Russell in the London John Bull, that several of his ancestors were "executed."

Discovery of Indian corn. Previously to the settlement of the Peritans in New England, they formed parties for the purpose of exploring the country.

Capt. MILES STANDISH, who was called the "hero of New England," commanded one of them, consisting of sixteen men. In their progress they met with several blocks, supposed by them to be burial places for the Indians, but as they advanced, finding many more, they closely examined them, and discovered that they contained *Indian Corn*. Being buried in the ear, it excited their curiosity, and by some of the party it was thought a valuable acquisition, while others, who ate it in a raw state, did not relish it, and thought it worth little or nothing. They secured, however, some for seed. In the ensuing spring, a *Squanto*, a friendly Indian, instructed them in the culture of it, and it was probably the means of saving them afterwards from famine.

Stray Thoughts. The following unique composition appears in the Huntington (Pa.) Courier of Wednesday last, in the shape of a caution to the public.

Whereas my Pink, my pretty toy,

My wife, my SARAH JANE,

Has left my home, and her employ,

To rove about again;

This caution's therefore to forewarn

All people not to trust

To her the worth of an Acorn,

Or lose it all they must;

For I'm determin'd not to pay

The value of a straw

Of her contracts, in any way,

Unless compelled by law.

ROBERT HARPER.

April 13, 1831.

NOTICE EXTRAORDINARY. The following advertisement was once posted up in a country tavern by the proprietor of the village academy:—"whereas several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. — up and down the Academy stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public, that he is determined to shoot his said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding it at the time, to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he should shoot the wrong one." Mr. — was never troubled again by the racing of Jack up and down the stairs.

Boston Galaxy.

MA. Y-LE-BONE.

AN IRISHMAN'S DEFINITION OF JUSTICE.

Yesterday one of the Anti-Unionists, enveloped in several envelopments of his native frieze, and just sober enough to be able to walk, without deviating a great deal from a straight line, presented himself before Mr. Griffith, roaring out with the voice of a stentor, "Justice, your honor, justice!" The night charges had been disposed of for some time, and the worthy magistrate, not perceiving the approach of the applicant, was reading one of the morning papers; suddenly raising his head, and looking at the grey-clad Anti-Unionist, he demanded what he had to complain of.

"Tis his in the eye, and one—that's eleven," hiccuped the applicant, counting them on the tops of his fingers—"at quitting the house."

"Who struck you?" asked the magistrate.

"A gentleman licensed victualler," vociferated the Irishman, in a voice, louder, if possible, than that in which he had first addressed the magistrate.

"I'm not deaf," said Mr. Griffith, "I can hear in a much lower key."

"A gentleman licensed victualler," repeated the applicant, in a whisper scarcely audible to the officer who stood beside him.

"Did you give him no provocation?" demanded Mr. Griffith.

"Provykashun!" ejaculated 'the boy,' "now if that aint a droll question—provoked a man to gi' me tin hits in the eye, an' one at quitin the house! By the piper that played afore Moses, I kept my hands all the time in my coat pockets, bekays, ye see, I knew where I was, and wouldn't break the law by no means—that is, without your honor's leave."

Mr. Griffith—You did very right; you may have a warrant.

"A warrant!" exclaimed the applicant, "a warrant d—n the warrant."

"What do you want, then?" demanded Mr. Griffith.

"Jisht lave to give him one hit, honey," replied the Irishman, in the sweetest coaxing accents imaginable.

"Oh no," said Mr. Griffith, "it is not in my power to grant you permission to break the law; you asked for justice, and shall have it legally. If you take a warrant and prove the assault, he shall be punished."

"If I prove the assault," demanded the applicant, "will your honor then gi' me lave to hit him?"

"Certainly not," responded the magistrate, "we'll find another mode of punishing him."

"An' that's what you call justice," ejaculated the applicant. After a pause he added, "Well, may be it is the sort of justice you have here," he hiccuped in disappointment, "but 'taint the sort of justice we have in ould Ire-land."

Mr. Griffith—I'm sorry I can't satisfy you, but a warrant is all I can give you.

The applicant looked blank at this information, but his countenance suddenly brightened up with the recollection of a means of attaining this object he had in view flushing across his mind. So jumping out of the witness box, at the imminent hazard of losing his perpendicular, he exclaimed, "I'll have justice in a few days—Dan is comin' to town, and Dan's the boy that knows what justice is. He'll gi' me lave to have a hit at him. Tis his in th' eye, and one—that's eleven, at quitin th' house, an' no justice! But Dan's the boy—hurra! Dan forever!" and "Dan forever!" was heard dying away in the distance as the lover of justice hurried from the office.

English paper.

The end of Military Glory. It is estimated that more than a million of bushels of human and inhuman bones, were imported last year from the continent of Europe, into the port of Hull.—The neighborhood of Leipsic, Austerlitz, Waterloo, and of all the places where, during the late bloody war, the principal battles were fought, have been swept alike of the bones of the hero and of the horse which he rode.—Thus collected from every quarter, they have been shipped to the port of Hull and thence forwarded to the Yorkshire bone grinders, who have erected steam engines, and powerful machinery, for the purpose of reducing them to a granular state. In this condition they are sent chiefly to Doncaster, one of the largest agricultural markets in that part of the country, and are there sold to the farmers to manure their lands. The oily substance gradually evolving as the bone calcifies, makes a more substantial manure than almost any other substance—particularly human bones. It is now ascertained, beyond a doubt, by actual experiment upon an extensive scale; that a dead soldier is a most valuable article of commerce, and for aught we know to the contrary, the good farmers of Yorkshire, are in a great measure indebted to the bones of their children for their daily bread. It is certainly a singular fact, that Great Britain should have sent out such multitudes of soldiers to fight its battles upon the continent of Europe and should then import their bones as an article of commerce to fatten their soil.

English Paper.

Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis de Ville de Mediana, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion, but your majesty's will is a law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking glass.

An Honest Carpenter. A gentleman whose house is undergoing repairs, called in shortly after the job was commenced to see how the workmen got on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about said to the head carpenter, "Why don't you take care of these nails? they'll certainly be lost."—"Oh no sir, replied Mr. Foreplane, "you'll find them all in the bill."

Boston Galaxy.

By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

Jortin.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expenses to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.

POETRY.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

"O hasten, hasten to the Fair!"
 Who'll buy our goods and pretty things?
 Who'll buy our lawns and laces?
 Who'll buy our ribbons, roses, rings,
 Our thread and needle cases?
 Here's gloves and garter-strings for the beaux;
 And notions for the misses—
 Kaleidoscopes, and rare shows,
 And sugar hearts and kisses.
 Here's envelopes, for bullet-doux;
 Pens, pencils, perfumed papers—
 Wafers, and wax of various tucks,
 With seals, and scented tapers.
 Here's feather arrows, which the belles
 May do tremendous hurt with;
 And pin-cushions of painted shells—
 And flowers, and fans, to flirt with.
 This stylish nockleth, just from France—
 Pray, consider to try it;
 You'll see its value at a glance,
 Perhaps you'd like to buy it?
 Or, if you would the future see,
 And know your fortune—*yes, sir*,
 Must step to my fair *ris a ris*—
 That pretty girl—in blue, *etc.*
 Here's a frail basket, made of rice,
 With flowers of choicest rarity;
 And—pray don't wonder at the price—
 You know 'twill be for charity.
 You'll own, economy we teach,
 And all her precepts follow,
 When kisses—are a penny each!
 And hearts—but half a dollar!
 You'll take—I think you say—the fan,
 The pearls, the very casket,
 And—*you're a liberal gentleman!*
 The looks, bouquet, and bouquet—
 With such a winning, graceful air,
 And such an open hand, *etc.*
 With so much *coo*, too!—all the FAIR
 Will be at your command, *etc.*

From the Liverpool Advertiser.

THE YOUNG HEIRESS.

Never did poor maiden sigh
 To be married more than I!
 Thoughts and wishes all are bent
 On that one, one sure event;
 Day and night I muse and dream
 On the all-absorbing theme;
 Never did poor maiden sigh
 To be married more than I!
 And I not now full fifteen?
 "Venus form and Juno mien!"
 So at least I heard one say,
 As I came from school to-day;
 Then I wish to marry so,
 I want you—not I—high be!
 Never did poor maiden sigh
 To be married more than I!
 But papa's old money will
 Save that I must wed maid
 Moments, and I'm engaged,
 "Venus form and Juno mien!"
 Who I wonder, can he be
 Said those charming words to me?
 Never did poor maiden sigh
 To be married more than I!
 Every pretty youth I see
 Would a prize for him be;
 Why don't one then come and say,
 "Will you run with me away?"
 Post-chaise—Groom—off we go!
 Like a bird from Gosh's bow,
 Never did poor maiden sigh
 To be married more than I!
 Wait, indeed, for old England!
 "Venus form and Juno mien!"
 Oh! that youth so tall and slim—
 I will run away with him!
 Lands and gold to Ma may fall,
 And she's welcome to them all!
 Off to Gosh's post I'll fly—
 Somewhere, dear Ma! good by! W. B. H.

From a late London paper.

THE UNIVERSAL PANACEA!

(Dr. Bengerer invited.)

We're getting on—we're getting on,
 We'll soon be right again,
 The Tories (those old rogues) are gone,
 And now we're liberal men!
 Henceforth we need not fear to fail,
 Against the stoutest foe—
 Henceforth we need not dread the gale,
 Whatever blast may blow!
 What is the spell to hush the storm?
 Reform!
 But how are we to beat the French?
 Retrench!
 But still our Irish Friends complain
 How cold and hunger gnaws,
 No matter! We'll remove the pain,
 For now we know the cause:
 Taxes? No; these they paid before,
 And these they still must pay—
 Fifties? Under WELLINGTON they bore,
 And why not under GREY?
 Well! But this plan to keep them warm?
 Reform!
 But how are we their thirst to quench?
 Retrench!
 Thus shall we rule at home—abroad,
 On land, and on the sea,
 Thus shall the nation's foes be awed,
 The nation's self be free!
 Well! but our citizens repeat,
 They all have aching heads,
 From shocking odors in the street,
 And vermin in their beds!
 How should we kill the bugs that swarm?
 Reform!
 How should we dissipate the stench?
 Retrench!

VARIETY.

The Game of Whist. "Whist," says the Complete Gamester, printed in 1680, "is so common in all parts of England, that every child, almost, of eight years old, hath a competent knowledge of that recreation." Mr. Barrington, however, states that it was not played upon principles until about the year 1730, when it was much studied by a set of gentlemen who frequented the Crown Coffee House in Bedford-row, before which time it had chiefly been confined to the servants' hall, with all Fours and Pot. The instructions for playing this game, printed by Cotton in 1680, are given in the appendix to Mr. Singer's elaborate researches in order that the modern whist player may compare them with the scientific and profound treatise of Mr. Hoyle. At the commencement of the last century, according to Swift, it was a favorite pastime with clergymen, who played the game with swiftness; these were certain cards by which the holder was entitled to a part of the stake, in the same manner that the claim is made for the aces at quadrille.—The following explanations have been given of some of the terms usually employed at this game. Six or nine love, is thought to have been derived from the old Scottish word of lul, or hand, so that six lul will mean so many in hand, or more than the adversary. The queen of clubs is sometimes called Queen Bess, probably because that queen is recorded to have been of a swarthy complexion; the nine of diamonds has been nicknamed the curse of Scotland, because every ninth monarch of that nation was a bad king; and not, as it is generally supposed, because the Duke of Cumberland, the night before the battle of Culloden, accidentally wrote his orders for refusing quarter upon the back of this card.

National Library, Vol. V.

Lampas of Horses. As the season of the year is now approaching, when a me people commence one of the most cruel and barbarous practices ever retained by any people, pretending to be civilized, viz. that of burning out the lampas from the mouths of young horses, we cannot refrain from making a few remarks upon that subject.

We are sensible that many of our most enlightened readers will say, that this article should appear under the head of *Vulgar Errors*; but yet we have what we consider a reasonable excuse for not putting it there.—Most of the articles which have been placed under that head, in our paper, are rather innocent delusions, than partakings of the barbarous; rather superstitious rites and ceremonies, appertaining to property, than any retained usages of the dark age of barbarity. At what time, or with what people this practice originated, we will not pretend to say; but there is one nation, who should either discontinue the practice, or else say less of the general diffusion of useful information: that is *America*. The idea that the enlargement of that part of the roof of a horse's mouth, is a disease, has long been exploded by all veterinary surgeons. Every horse is subject to it, between the ages of three and five, more or less; and in many cases, this soft spongy enlargement descends to a level with the fore-teeth, yet upon examining it, there will not be found any marks of tenderness or inflammation indicating disease; and if left to the operations of nature, will disappear, and the horse will have a sound and healthy mouth; not to speak of the danger of bleeding the horse too freely, by opening the *palatine artery*; the manner of performing the operation, is shocking to the feelings of humanity, as well as painful to the animal. It is uncalled for, and must be considered a piece of wanton cruelty.

Genesee Farmer.

We translate the following *jeu d'esprit*, from the *Comte des Eux Uns*. The allusions, we presume will be sufficiently intelligible to our readers.

THE EAGLE AND THE COCK.

E. How d'ye do, Gaul?
 C. How d'ye do, Roman?
 E. I'm a Frenchman.
 C. You? since when?
 E. Oh, for thirty years.
 C. Why, you naturalized you?
 E. Napoleon.
 C. What are your qualifications?
 E. Victory.
 C. Let me see your certificates.
 E. Look at the Column—but you, who have been to-day sticking your spurs on the national colors, who has made you so bold?
 C. 'Twas I who on the 27th July was the alarm clock of liberty.
 E. You? Why, what was your voice good for? You are as hoarse as you can be, or else you are trying a falsetto.
 C. The reason is that they left me so long on top of the steeples.
 E. O yes! from steeples to steeples you travelled to that of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Poor fowl!
 C. And they *flur delised* me on these cursed steeples.

E. They wanted to make you a relation to the cock of St. Peter.

C. (Holding up his head) I am the National Cock.

E. (Having looked at him with a pery glance.) No! since July, the *Doctrinaires* have plucked you. There is no suit that has not been offered to you. Hens, geese, and ducks and turkeys are laughing at you. Every day a feather falls out of your wing and tail. Weak bird, you will soon be good for nothing but to surmount a vane, or M. Dupin's quarters.

C. Cori-co-co!

E. Rocook-orocoo! that's the cry you ought to raise, now. Oh, if, like me you had visited the Alps, stretched your flight over the plains of the north and approaching that fair sun which warmed Marigny, Austerlitz, June and July, had looked at him face to face—like me, you had been in the secrets of the Gods, you would know that Europe expects our soldiers to restore them the thunder which my friends' talons let fall at Waterloo, after fifteen years of glorious victories.

C. I have my bill and claws yet: my crest is still flame-colored. Let the *Kussins* and *Austrians* come and they shall feel my avenging spurs. Cor-co-co!—hum co-co-co!

E. Well well, that goes a little better. Try it once again.

The Cock having clapped his wings, crows terribly, with all his might. Still more startling cries are heard from all the parts of the compass.

E. (trembling.) I am startled—Be bold and wakened as of old. I am called el-where. They are dying in Poland; and I fly thither.

C. You will see me there soon.

* In this church the service was performed on the soul of the Duc de Berry, which led to a great disturbance.

N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

LONDON POLICE.

Bole-street. Yesterday the notorious Dando, who has so often registered himself at the expense of publicans, oyster-shop keepers, coffee-shop keepers, and other persons who supply the good things of this life to his majesty's subjects, was brought up, charged with having drunk sundry glasses of brandy and water, at a public house in Queen-street, and afterwards taking a large quantity of a-la-mode beef, &c.

Dando, it appeared, went first to the public house and drank two glasses of brandy and water, and had ordered a third, when the landlord, who had been absent in the first instance, came in, and seeing the appearance of the customer, demanded payment of what had already been consumed. Upon this demand Master Dando very caudly admitted that he had no money, and declared who he was; upon which the landlord not wishing to be troubled with the prosecution of such a vagabond, kicked him out of the house. The prisoner took the kicking very quietly, and said he should go and seek a supper somewhere. He went straight to Mr. Anderson's and there very snugly placed himself in a snug corner of the most retired box in the room, he called in the tone of a man with a thousand a year, for a large plate of a-la-mode, salad well dressed, and a pint of ale. These articles were served in a trice, and almost as quickly devoured by Dando, who then called for another plate with the *et ceteras*. With these he was also accommodated, and Dando's despatch with this course was quite as remarkable as on the first occasion. After a rest of a few minutes he made a third call; but the landlord, although fond of hungry customers, thought the appetite of his new friend somewhat inordinate, and ventured delicately to hint at the quantity he had already taken, and the necessity for payment on account. Dando affected to be only indifferent at this hint, but the landlord said "he should stand no nonsense," and finding that more victuals or escape was totally out of the question, he boldly declared who he was, and said he was quite ready to walk to the watch-house.

Dando, when asked by Sir R. Birnie if he had any thing to do, observed very coolly that he had got a good bellyful over night, and only wanted another then; and added, that a man need not starve in a free country.

Sir R. Birnie asked him how he got his living.

Dando. Why, Sir Richard, I live as gentlemen do—in the best manner I can. A man must eat and drink, as you know, Sir Richard, Sir R. Birnie. Yes, but not at the expense of other persons.

Dando. Why, Sir Richard, I am not exactly singular in that respect.

Sir R. Birnie. (Observing Dando was attired in a prison dress.) To whom do those clothes belong?

Dando. (Laughing.) Why, upon my word, Sir Richard, I can hardly tell you, but as near as I can, I will. The jacket, I think, came from Brixton—(a laugh)—the waistcoat, as well as my recollection serves me, was be-

stowed upon me at a similar establishment at Godford, and the trousers I know I acquired by hard servitude in your Middlesex House of Correction. (Laughter.) I am indebted to the City Authorities for the rest of my wardrobe, viz.: my shirt, stockings and shoes. (Loud laughter.)

Sir R. Birnie asked him where he lived, and he said he had no fixed place of residence; upon which Sir Richard said he was a vagrant by his own confession, and he would take care of him at least for a time; and he accordingly committed him for three months to the House of Correction.

Dando asked him what he was to do all that time for a bellyful of victuals.

Ford, the jailer, said he would have bread and water.

Dando. Bread and water! that is no stay for a man's stomach; but, however, worst I have a blow out when I leave the mill? He was then removed.

Union Hall. Yesterday, a woman named Cannon, and her two sons, were brought before Mr. Chambers, charged with stealing some books, together with a magpie, the property of Mr. Birch, of Brixton-hill.

In order to identify the magpie, the complainant was asked by what mark or peculiarity he knew the bird to be that which he had lost. In reply, he stated that it lost a toe during the hard frost last winter.

Mr. Chambers. Is there any other mark by which you can swear to a?—It answers to the name of Jack, will whistle "God save the King," and "The King of the Canibal Islands" and, moreover, talks well, and answers sundry questions.

Mr. Chambers. As he is so learned a bird, perhaps he will tell us himself to whom he belongs?—No, I don't think he is gifted with so much knowledge as that, but still I shall be enabled to prove satisfactorily that he is mine. Poor Jack was well known to most people residing at Brixton, and he was hunted much by all the neighbors, when stolen from my court-yard.—The magpie was here ordered to be brought into Court; and at the moment he was placed on the table in front of the table he looked towards the Magistrates, and, in very intelligible language, said, "Who are you?" and in a moment afterwards asked "What o'clock is it?" The complainant then gave Jack a hint, and he commenced whistling "God save the King," in high note that thrilled through the ears of all within hearing, and subsequently favored the auditory with the "King of the Canibal Islands," in a style that would not disgrace the representative "Punch" in the show.

The Magistrates said that the magpie gave such indubitable evidence of being the property of the complainant that he should order it to be restored to him.

It appeared that it had been taken out of Mr. Birch's court-yard, and sold by the prisoners to a Mr. Spencer for 12s. but the latter gentleman, on hearing that it had been stolen, immediately offered it to the owner. The charge relative to the stealing of the books was then gone into against the prisoners, and they were fully committed.

MISTAKING SIDES.

Vice-Chancellor's Court Monday, Jan. 26, 1831.

KING v. TRENER.

"This case, the circumstances of which did not transpire, was put into his honor's paper to be spoken to. The point was of a legal nature of no public interest, but an oversight of Mr. Sugden's appeared to give considerable amusement to the court.

Mr. Horne and Mr. Pemperton were heard on one side, and

Mr. Sugden following, concurred in the argument of those learned gentlemen, and confidently stated that the law was quite clear.

"The Vice-Chancellor. Then Mr. S. is with you, Mr. Horne.

"Mr. Horne said that the argument of his learned friend was certainly to his surprise, on his side; but that his learned friend happened to be on the other. (Great laughter.)

"Mr. Sugden, who, after consulting with his junior, Mr. Jacob, appeared not a little disconcerted, and he found he had mistaken his side. What he had said, however, was said in all sincerity; and he never would, for any client, be who he might, come into court and argue against what he thought to be a settled rule of law. As learned persons, however, had differed on the present point, he hoped his honor would decide it without reference to what had fallen from him.

"The Vice-Chancellor promised he would do so."

London Times.

When Curran made a blunder of the same description, (and the like is told of Erskine,) far from losing his presence of mind, or stammering out a confession of error, calmly and instantly went on with, "And now, my lord, having anticipated my adversary's argument, I shall proceed to point out its fallacy."

Law Magazine.

A nearly similar accident is said to have

happened to him, and that, with fitting solemnity, redeemed his misdeed by a masterly refutation of his own argument. *Journal of Law.*

The following extract is from a recent publication by Dr. Waterhouse.

MAJOR ANDRE.

"Mr. Belsham, who is free from mistakes respecting American matters than any other historian, Gordon excepted, speaking of the sad fate of Major Andre, a young British officer, every way unfit for a spy, says—that the character of the American Commander would have derived additional lustre from indulging the earnest and sole request of Major Andre, to die as a soldier and not as a felon. The fact was, (I had it from several officers of rank and high character) Washington would not venture to risk the indulgence, and merged his personal feelings in necessity. The British had hung three or four American officers as spies, with no regard to their feelings as gentlemen. When it was whispered in camp that Andre would be shot, there was a general discontent progressing to clamor. The officers said, 'What! shall we risk our lives as several of us have done, and some be taken and hanged like dogs, and shall a detected British spy meet a milder fate?' Alarming resignations would have been the consequence."—*Dr. Waterhouse.*

In recording historical events, the strictest regard should be paid to correctness of detail, but in the foregoing extract, not only palpable errors, but gross absurdities may be detected. Major Andre was tried and condemned on the 30th of September, and the commander in chief ordered the execution to take place on the 1st of October, and the gallows was erected on the morning of that day. It was on the same day also, that Major Andre's pathetic letter, requesting to be shot, was addressed to the commander in chief. In consequence of the arrival of some British officers to plead for his release, his execution was put off till the 2d of October. It will be perceived, therefore, how little time intervened for the officers to express "discontent progressing to clamor." It is, moreover, believed, that not a single officer out of General Washington's family knew that such a request had been made, and to spare the feelings of the unfortunate officer, no answer was returned to his letter, nor did he know till the moment he came in sight of the gallows, in what mode he was to suffer. At that moment he suffered a pang, greater, perhaps, than when he received his fatal sentence; exclaiming with emotion, "I am reconciled to death, but not the mode." This was witnessed by the present writer. It is an established decree in all armies, that the gallows shall be the fate of spies from an enemy.—Major Andre was tried and condemned as a spy, and the commander in chief could not consistently deviate from military laws and usages in his case.

Dr. W. will, I hope, permit me to correct another misstatement. He asserts that "the British had hung three or four American officers as spies." Captain Hale, of Connecticut, it is true, was hung in New York, as a spy, in 1776, but we know of no other American officer that suffered a similar fate as a spy during the whole war. The character of Major Andre was held in such respect and esteem by the officers of our army, that it was their anxious desire that he should experience every possible favor and indulgence, consistent with military precedence; but had his request been granted, it might have afforded ground for doubt, whether he ought to be convicted as a spy. But the assertion that alarming resignations would have been the consequence, is of a piece with the inquiry made of the present writer not long since, whether the story were true, that he was hung with a silk rope. J. T.

Plymouth, April 28, 1831.

From Miss Mitford's Tales for Children.

HENRY LEWINGTON.

"Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Henry Lewington, as he sat in state on an inverted basket, at his grandmother's door, discussing with great satisfaction, a huge porridge of bread and milk, while his sister Lucy, who had already despatched her breakfast, sat on the ground opposite, now twisting the long wreaths of the convolvulus-major into garlands—now throwing them away.—"Beg, Frisk, beg!" repeated Harry, holding a bit of bread just out of the dog's reach; and the obedient Frisk squatted himself on his hind legs, and held up his fore paws, in patient supplication, until it pleased Master Harry to bestow upon him the tempting morsel.

The little boy and the little dog were great friends, notwithstanding that Harry, in the wantonness of power, would sometimes tease and tantalise his poor pet more than a good boy should

have done. Frisk loved him dearly, much better than he did Lucy, although Lucy gave him every day part of her breakfast, without making him beg, and would tie pretty ribbons round his neck, and pat and stroke his rough head for half an hour together.—Harry was Frisk's prime favorite; perhaps because the little dog, being himself of a merry disposition, liked the boy's lively play better than the girl's gentle caresses; perhaps because he recollected that Harry was his earliest patron, and firmest friend, during a time of great trouble; quadruped of his species, having a knack of remembering past kindness, which it would do the biped, called man, no harm to copy.

Poor Frisk had come as a stray dog to Aberleigh. If he could have told his own story, it would probably have been a very pitiful one, of distress and wanderings, of hunger and foul weather, of kicks and cuffs, and all the spurs that patient merit of the unworthy takes. Certain it is that he made his appearance at Mrs. Lewington's door in a miserable plight, wet, dirty, and half-starved; that there he encountered Harry, who took an immediate fancy to him, and Mrs. Lewington, who drove him off with a broom; that a violent dispute ensued between the good dame and her grandson, Harry persisting in inviting him in, Mrs. Lewington in frightening him away; that at first it ended in Frisk's being established as a sort of out-door pensioner, subsisting on odds and ends, stray bones, and cold potatoes, surreptitiously obtained for him by his young protector, and sleeping in the identical basket, which, turned topsy-turvy, afterwards served Harry for a seat; until at length, Mrs. Lewington, who had withstood the incessant importunity of the patron, and the persevering humility of his client, was propitiated by Frisk's own doggish exploit in barking away a set of pilferers, who were making an attack on her great pear tree, and so frightened the thieves, that they not only scampered off in all haste, but left behind them their implements of thievery, a ladder, two baskets, and a sack; the good dame being thus actually a gainer by the intended robbery, and so well satisfied with Frisk's conduct, that she not only admitted him into her house, but considered him as one of her vigilant and valuable inmates, worth all the watchmen that ever sprung a rattle.

The new guard proved to be a four footed person of singular accomplishments. He could fetch or carry, either by land or by water; would pick up her tumbler or cotton, if his old mistress happened to drop them; carry Lucy's little patterns to school in case of a shower, or take Harry's dinner to the same place with unimpeachable honesty. Moreover he was so strong on his hind legs, walked upright so firmly and gracefully, cut so many capers, and had so good an ear for music, that the more sagacious amongst the neighbors suspected him of having been, at least, the principal performer in a company of dancing dogs, even if he were not the dog Munito himself. Frisk, and his exploits were the wonder of Aberleigh, where he had now resided a twelve month with honor and credit to himself, and perfect satisfaction to all parties.

"Beg, Frisk, beg!" said Harry, and gave him, after long waiting, the expected morsel; and Frisk was contented, but Harry was not. The little boy, though a good humored fellow in the main, had fits of naughtiness which lasted all day, and this promised to be one of his worst. It was a holiday, moreover, when he had nothing to do but be naughty, and in the afternoon his cousins Susan and William were to come and see him and Lucy, and the pears were to be gathered, and the children to have a treat; and Harry, in his impatience, thought the morning would never be over, and played such pranks by way of beguiling the time—buffeting Frisk for instance, burning his own fingers, cutting the curls off his sister's doll's flaxen wig, and finally breaking his grandmother's spectacles—that before his visitors arrived, indeed almost immediately after dinner, he contrived to get sent to bed in disgrace.

Poor Harry! There he lay sprawling, kicking, and roaring whilst Susan and William and Lucy were happily busy about the fine mellow Windsor pears; William up the tree gathering and shaking, Lucy and Susan catching them in their pinafores, and picking them up from the ground; now piling the rich fruit into the great baskets that the thieves had left behind; and now, happy urchins, eating at discretion of the nicest and ripest; Frisk barking gaily amongst them as if he were eating Windsor pears too.

Poor Harry! He could hear all their glee and merriment through the open window as he lay in bed, and the storm of passion having subsided into a gentle rain of self-pity, there he lay weeping and disconsolate, a grievous sob bursting forth every now and then as he heard the loud peal of childish

laughter, and thought how he should have laughed, and how happy he should have been, and wondered whether his grandmother would so far relent as to let him get up to supper, and whether Lucy would be so good natured as to bring him a pear. 'It will be very ill natured if she does not,' thought Harry, and the poor boy's tears burst out anew. All on a sudden he heard a little foot on the stair, pit-a-pat, and thought she was coming. Pit-a-pat came the foot, nearer and nearer, and at last a small head peeped, half afraid, through the half opened door. But it was not Lucy's head; it was Frisk's—poor Frisk whom Harry had been teasing all the morning, and who now came into the room wagging his tail, with a great pear in his mouth, jumped on the bed, and laid it in the little boy's hand.

A RIDE.

During the Revolutionary War, when a corps of the American army were encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown in New Jersey—an officer who was rather more of a devotee of Venus, than of Mars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting nightly, in the cultivation of those kindly feelings which love so cordially inspires. On a discovery of the cause of the repeated absence of the officer, and of the place where his interviews with his dulcinea were had, some waggish friends resolved to play off a handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his amorous visits. The officer it appears rode a very small horse of the pony kind, which he always left untied, with the bridle reins over his neck near the door, in order to mount and ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over; and the horse always remained until backed by the owner, without attempting to change his position. On a certain very dark night, when the officer had, as usual, gone to pay his devoirs to the object of his affections, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one; his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was; took the bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent quietly away, placed the former on the tail, and the latter on the back of a very sober ruminative old cow, (with the crupper over the horns,) who stood peaceably chewing her cud, near the spot. Immediately thereafter, they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed, and were marching in full force into the village. On hearing the voice of alarm, the people ran out greatly excited; and consternation entering every dwelling, found its unwelcome way speedily, into the household temple where our official hero was worshipping. Taking counsel from his fears, and snatching a hasty kiss, he started from the lady's chamber, and rushing rapidly down stairs, shot out of doors with the velocity of a musket ball, and owing to the darkness, not seeing the interesting change in the conformation of his nag, mounted hastily into the saddle, with his back towards the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs deeply into her side, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted off in gallant style, and in her best gallop made towards the camp. The officer still plying his trusty spurs and whip to the skin and bones of the suffering old animal, and with all his wine and love on board—finding himself hurried rapidly backwards, maugre all his efforts to advance; and hearing the repeated bawlings of the tortured and frightened beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roaring out most lustily that the devil had got him—was carried in this state of perturbation into the very alignment of the camp. The courageous sentinels, hearing the noise, and imagining no doubt, that Hannibal and his oxen were coming, discharged their pieces and fled as if the devil had chased them; the alarm guns were fired—the drums beat to arms; the officers left their quarters and cried, turn out! turn out! with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers started from their sleep as if a ghost had crossed their dreams—and the whole body running, half naked, together, formed as quick as possible in gallant dishabille, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When lo! the ludicrous sight soon presented itself to their eyes, of the gallant officer, mounted on an old cow, with his face towards her tail, and this appendage sticking straight out behind; her tongue hanging out—her sides gory with the grievous giggling of the spurs, and himself, owing to his excessive fear, almost deprived of reason, and half petrified with horror. A loud and general roar of laughter broke from the assembled band, at the rider and his steed—the whole corps gave him three times three hearty cheers, as he bolted into camp, and he was seized and carried to his quarters in triumph, there to

dream of love's metamorphoses, backward rides, sternway advances, and alarms of invasion, and thereby to garnish his mind with materials for writing a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of cow-ology.

The Weevil. It is well understood by all Naturalists, that the winged species undergo three states—first the egg is hatched into a worm—next the worm exudes a sort of fluid from its surface, which hardens into a shell, encasing the animal, and constituting the chrysalis state—and last it passes from this state, during which it is maturing its wings, feet, &c. into the condition of a fly, when it "takes wings and flies away" to its business or its pleasures. Those who have been in the habit of keeping silk worms for their amusement or profit, will have noticed these various metamorphoses, which are almost as surprising as those which are related in the beautiful strains of Ovid—there Daphne is changed into a laurel—and here we have an ugly and inert worm suddenly changed into a beautiful butterfly, glittering with all the hues of the rainbow, and frolicking with more than the vivacity of a child. In the silk-worm alone the fly is seldom on the wing. It lives but a few hours—revels in sensuality, and forgets to fly.

All the fly state is subject to this threefold transformation. It is true of the moth, of the butterfly, of the beetle, some of whom

— "wheel their droning flight."

in the day time, and others infest our lighted rooms at night. It is true of the weevil, which is seen to fly from the heaps of corn in the spring time, with bodies more tinged, and hues as dull, as those of the smallest moths, which flit round the candle until they perish in the flame. This is the time for the weevil to burst its little "cerement," and emerge into the open air. Take an ear of corn, (and I have examined every variety, from the rare ripe to the gourd seed, white, red, or streaked,) and will find some grains that are pierced with holes—some that look dark, with a hole in them—and others, that have, apparently, no hole in them, because the film that covers the receptacle has not fallen off. From the first, the little winged insect has already escaped—in the two last cases, it is still in the grain in the chrysalis state, either about to emerge from it, or not matured for its flight.—Most of the grains of corn are not pierced at all. They have escaped the ravages of the insect.

The secret of all this is soon understood. While the green corn is yet standing upon the stalk in the autumn, the winged insect visits it—pierces it—and inserts its egg. The egg remains in the softest part of the grain during the winter. The heat of spring hatches it into the worm, which feeds upon the substance of the grain till it grows to about the sixth of an inch; then it becomes a chrysalis; and afterwards passes from the grain to fulfil the purposes of its production. Let any one take an ear of corn; expose it to the temperature of a room well warmed, with the present genial air—and he will witness what I have described.

Origin of Paul Pry. Mr. Poole, the author of the popular comedy bearing this title, gives, in the course of an amusing article in the New Monthly Magazine for March, the following account of the original suggestion of the character:—"The idea of the character of Paul Pry was suggested by the following anecdote, related to me by a beloved friend. An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbors, that she at length, acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of the occupation: she became careless in her report—impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what are you thinking about?—don't you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?" "The first floor lodger, ma'am." "Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what knock is at No. 54?"—"Why, Lord! Ma'am, it is only the baker with pies." "Pies, Betty! what can they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday!" Of this very point I have availed myself. Let me add that Paul Pry was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but a class. Like the melancholy of Jacques, he is 'compounded of many Simples;' and I could mention five or six who were unconscious contributors to the character. That it should have been so often, though erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after particular persons is perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation."

